

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

It not only needed a big man, but also an extraordinarily plucky man, to dare step into the shoes of the late Michael Collins—as Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Government Army. Although Richard Mulcahy is far from being physically big his comrades considered he was the man to fill Collins's shoes—and in the hour of need he pluckily consented to try the task. As a man who does not care for honors, or publicity, his courage in accepting the post of Commander-in-Chief, in a crisis, has excited admiration from both sides. For, undoubtedly, by both sides Richard Mulcahy is loved, and esteemed—both by Treaty and anti-Treaty people—and by "regulars" and "irregulars." However the parties may differ in their estimate of other leaders all agree in admiring Mulcahy for the splendid fight he fought for Ireland throughout the Anglo-Irish war—for his heroic struggles and sufferings. And all recognize that it was not only a good practical military move, but also a good political move, to put him, at this time, in the place of Commander.

Richard Mulcahy is, in more ways than one, a striking contrast to his predecessor "The Big Fellow." Where Michael Collins was possessed of a magnificent boldness Richard Mulcahy has a splendid gentleness—splendid but firm. And where Michael was dominant—some of his enemies would have said domineering—Mulcahy is persuasive. Collins commanded respect—Mulcahy attracts it.

At the present time there is more being written and said about the new Commander-in-Chief than about any other member of the Government. A writer in the Independent gives us his military career in interesting detail. He is a native of Carrick-on-Suir, Co. Waterford, where his father was a postmaster for several years, and he himself was engaged in the postal engineering service in addition to pursuing his studies in the National University as a student of medicine. He fought with the Fingal Volunteers under Thomas Ashe, and with the late Frank Lawless, T. D., in the battle of Ashbourne on Friday, April 28th, 1916. The Volunteers, armed with shotguns and rifles, mostly captured from the R. I. C. at Swords and Donabate, attacked the police barracks at the Cross of the Rath. The battle began at 11.25 a. m. The attackers numbered 35. After half an hour the police in the barracks were about to surrender when 18 cars, containing reinforcements, dashed along the Slane road.

A fierce fight ensued. Lawless, with a few more Volunteers, arrived later with two car bombs—a contribution," wrote Mulcahy, "from those who had been driven from Phibsboro bridge." This was all the additional help Ashe received. The engagement lasted over three hours more. The Volunteers sustained some losses, but though less than 40 against a hundred R. I. C. they gained a complete victory. The constabulary were heavily punished, and the survivors put up their hands and surrendered.

CHIEF OF STAFF DURING THE TERROR

At the end of the insurrection Mulcahy was rounded up and brought to Richmond Barracks, and on May 3rd, with 307 other prisoners, was marched through Dublin and sent over the water to Knutsford prison. He was released at the general amnesty which followed. When the Volunteers were reorganized, largely in the gaols and detention camps, and the Irish war projected, Richard Mulcahy was appointed Chief of Staff, with Michael Collins Chief of the Intelligence Department. The two of them, with Cathal Brugha, were the originators of some of the most audacious and successful military coups, the supervisors of the chief operations, and the men most sought for by the agents of the British Government, and the army. Mulcahy was quite as successful in eluding the sleuth hounds as Collins himself, and he had as frequent and as narrow escapes from capture. The risks he ran were simply part and parcel of the routine of his life from 1918 to the day when England invited the Truce. His name became thoroughly familiar to the Irish race and to his enemies, though his appearance was known to few, until he was seen in the first public meetings of Dail Eireann. The stories about his adventures are legion, and though not as numerous or as romantic as those associated with his great predecessor, are just as exciting and as illustrative of the constant and daily perils in which the leaders of the I. R. A. lived during the war and the days of the Black and Tan and Auxiliary Terror. The Irish Headquarters had necessarily to be continually on the shift in those times.

Here-to-day and away to-night was the rule that had to be observed, and the locus in quo was often in the most extraordinary and unheard of places.

NARROW ESCAPES

It is told that on one occasion Mulcahy was almost caught. The Auxiliaries pounced on a house in the South side of Dublin near the very heart of the city, and in quite a respectable street. They rushed the place, invaded the rooms, and dashed to one particular room at the end of a long passage. There they found evidence of very recent occupation, and on a table a cup of tea which had obviously only just been poured out. But that was the sum total of the find. The tea was Richard Mulcahy's stimulant. He had been rudely disturbed when about to quaff it, but made good his escape—barely in the nick of time.

On another occasion he was again on the verge of disaster. He was staying the night in a house, also on the South side. Again the sleuth hounds of the enemy descended unexpectedly on his temporary quarters. He had just time to get through a window and out into a large cistern almost full of cold water, and that too in rather bad weather. There, sometimes with his head under the surface of the water for a goodly period, he had to stand during a lengthened raid on the house. For nearly an hour he was hiding in the cistern, breathing when he could, then ducking down out of sight, and chilled to the marrow of his bones all the time. At length the visitors took their departure and Mulcahy sought and was gladly given shelter by a neighboring Hebrew family, who supplied him with dry clothes and food and sent him off safely in the morning to his next dangerous adventure.

"OFF" THE RUN

Again and again he had similar narrow shaves, but all through he had marvellous good luck and came unscathed through the Terror, although not for a day were his duties as Chief of the Staff allowed to fall into abeyance. As Chief of Staff he first made his appearance in the Dail at the Mansion House. Those who were there the memorable day when the heroes "of the run" came into the great Round Room will never forget the vociferous greeting accorded Collins and Mulcahy. When the Treaty was endorsed by Dail Eireann, Mulcahy became Minister of Defence and continued to act as Chief of Staff. He was prominent in the Dail throughout the debates on the Treaty in December and January and subsequently. He spoke seldom and always on a necessary occasion. His pronouncements were always listened to intently and they were invariably of first rate importance.

AN EARNEST, HONEST, CONVINCING SPEAKER

He is a good speaker, his voice is very musical, with a charming cadence; he speaks slowly in a gentle tone, his sentences are short and sharp, his words admirably chosen, his emphasis correct and effective, his manner quiet, but firm and deliberate, and his whole tone and demeanour carry conviction. Earnestness, honesty, conviction, are stamped on all his utterances. He uses gesture little, if at all, and his whole style is calm, thoughtful, and most attractive. A phrase of real poetic beauty, elegance and eloquence, creeps now and then into his speech. His appearance is striking. His frame is light and pliable, but gives no index to his genuine strength of character and determined disposition. No one would ever on first view take him for a daring, courageous, obstinate, and resourceful military chief.

OF ARDENT CONVICTION AND UNSUBDUABLE WILL

He does not look capable of long and hard endurance, or of feats of uncommon agility, but his whole personality breathes spirit, forceful will power, imperturbability, and invincible determination—in fact, when he speaks one realizes that he is a man whom it would take a very great deal indeed to ruffle. Yet there is a whole lot of winsomeness in his manner, his talk, his deportment, in the refinement which characterizes his every movement. He has the strength of a reticent, gentle, unobtrusive, modest man held to a purpose by ardent conviction and an unshakable will. He figured in the last Dail during a debate which produced much heat. His report as Minister of Defence on the state of the country, and the lamentable occurrences which had been taking place was hotly assailed, but in a quiet, convincing, undemonstrative way he defended the document, and stuck to his guns like a true soldier.

Many times he had had in recent days to issue addresses and messages to the Army, of which he is now the Chief, and they, all of them, have been short, inspiring, sometimes thrilling, documents with the vigour and irresistible appeal of a general

from the field of battle. That he will worthily guide the destinies of his Army no one can doubt. He has been described by one competent to form an opinion as the greatest Military strategist in the National Forces, and he has described himself and his comrades as youths "who fought for a cause as near to Heaven as boys are." He is about the same age as Michael Collins. His wife, who was Miss Ryan from County Wexford, is an indefatigable and most useful member of Rathmines Urban Council.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Mount Charles,
County Donegal.

POPE LAUDS CATHOLIC CONGRESS

SAYS DEFENSE OF FAMILY A TRULY APOSTOLIC WORK

(Special to the "Pilot")

Rome, Oct. 12.—The Second National Congress of Italian Catholic Women which recently convened at Rome was one of the most memorable gatherings in the entire history of Catholic action in the country.

A great throng of Catholic women attended the assemblies and participated in the deliberations of this splendid representative body of women. The most significant event transpiring during the days of the Congress was the special audience with the Holy Father. This audience will never be forgotten in the annals of the Union and was over flowing with consolation both to Pius XI. and to the Catholic Women.

With delicate thought the Holy Father deemed to receive in separate audience the assisting ecclesiastics. About one hundred and fifty of these were present at the audience and listened to inspiring words from their spiritual Leader, Pius XI. afterwards discoursed familiarly with the priests, inquired about their work, and permitted each to venerate his hand.

HOLY FATHER'S DISCOURSE

Pius XI. addressed the Catholic Women at their audience as follows:

"Most esteemed Madam President of the Italian Catholic Women's Union, We have taken deeply to heart the noble, affectionate and wise words with which you have presented this magnificent Union to Us and unfolded the reasons for this memorable audience, joining your filial piety with that of all here present united in the intensity of one sublime affection.

"For this We thank from the depths of Our heart the Saviour Who, even from the beginning of Our Pontificate,—as but yesterday with the smile of the celestial Virgin of Loreto—has prepared for Us this consolation. We hope that the urgency of the better days of which you have spoken in closing your address, may be realized.

VICAR OF CHRIST A FATHER

"It is hardly possible, beloved daughters, to tell you how much your presence inspires Us. But you may easily read Our heart, because you are daughters very near to a Father, and the eyes of the heart have a very particular penetration. This it is that enables Us to read in your souls all the intensity of your filial sentiments, all the faith and the charity of Christ which has urged you to bind yourselves to His Vicar as to the heart of a common Father.

"To profit usefully more than to rejoice—I would say as with paternal thought—in this so beautiful and happy hour—would indicate certain of the elevating and opportune sentiments spoken by your excellent President.

"She spoke of organization and formation and noted with satisfaction that your platform was above all one of defense of the family. This is as it should be. From this organization should proceed the great fruits of Christian life and apostolate, of true glory to God and good of souls, the two only values that are imperishable and worthy of our entire dedication and immolation.

"It is this formation, profoundly, piously, Eucharistically Christian, that constitutes the first and substantial value of your organization. What would such an organization be, although so vast, unless it were inspired by such precious sentiments? But when, to its vastness, is united excellence, when the values of quantity and quality are happily joined together, then truly, is born in the soul a sense of the most consoling and lasting satisfaction.

"The formative period of organization was perhaps a peril, because the work of organization is always a work of character preparation, and as such ought to end constantly to perfection of the work for which it has been undertaken.

"Your work is not so complicated as it would seem at first sight to be.

ORGANIZATION OF UNION

"I see an ecclesiastical Assistant General, a President General, and under them worthy cooperators,

Catholic women, Catholic maidens, Catholic university students. They are devoting the flower and the treasure of their best energies to the highest culture and the splendors of science. We see presiding over each section its own ecclesiastical Assistant and president general who look after the welfare of their members, promote Christian activities, maintain intimate energies, but always under the direction, impulse and guidance of the President General and in conformity with the statutes and the spirit of the General Union, of which they form a part as members of a body.

WOMAN'S SOVEREIGNTY

"It is proper that the family is your camp of encounter. Mothers, sisters, wives,—the family is your kingdom, and in it you are truly queens. God grant that to no woman may come the temptation to renounce this sovereignty, so profoundly rooted in nature, in order to aspire to other, ephemeral kingdoms and vain triumphs.

"There remains nothing for you to do save to continue as you have already begun, vigilant, keen, unwavering in the exercise of your intimate duties and in the generous work of your apostolate. You have but to follow the counsels, the instructions that you receive from on High, and from your ecclesiastical superiors who are so worthy of you, and who, to the general cares of their sacred ministry have wished to join your formation and instruction. Suffer their good works of edification to penetrate your souls and your entire organization, and do not fall away from the luminous aim which you have set for yourselves.

"You can come to the Eternal City, Capital and country of all Christian souls. You have come to obtain new light, new zeal, new energies. The record of this day, of the intimate joy of this hour, passed with your common Father, shall never pass from your memory. The sacred records that shine luminous on the horizon of Rome, the examples of sanctity, of apostolate, of faith, of martyrdom which have been offered here—where it is not possible to be other than heroes or traitors—shall accompany you always, and be the stimulus to you to give for the glory of God always more and more of that treasure of grace and intelligence which He has given to you. May you consecrate to this noble ideal every beauty and attraction, remembering that no one can take from you the responsibility of using these gifts of God as He intended.

"And now may the Apostolic Benediction descend upon you and upon all your works, upon those who are present and those whom they represent, upon all those to whom you desire to carry this Benediction, a spiritual gift from this Rome, the inspiration of every soul.

May this Benediction descend upon your collective and harmonious works, on all the Italian Catholic Women's Union, on its noble and holy program, and on the propositions which you promise to carry out in the defense and sanctification of the family."

Pius XI. RECEIVES HOMAGE

At the pronouncing of the Benediction Pius XI. rose to his feet. His voice took on a more solemn and vibrant tone. The vast multitude of Catholic Women received it on their knees in profound religious silence. Afterwards they burst into thunderous applause.

For fully fifteen minutes the Holy Father passed among them, deeply moved by the spectacle of their love and devotion.

Another burst of sustained applause greeted him as he disappeared from the Sala.

The event, as said His Holiness was one which will never pass from the memory of these privileged Catholic women.

LORETO SISTERS OPEN CONVENT

London, Sept. 29.—The Loreto nuns have made their first settlement in the Westminster archdiocese by opening a convent in the town of St. Albans, a northern suburb of London. The town has an ancient history, and before the Reformation possessed one of the greatest Benedictine abbeys in the country, whose Abbot sat in the House of Lords as a Spiritual Peer.

The ancient abbey, whose church is now used by the Anglicans as a cathedral for a diocese named after the abbey, is said to stand on the spot where the first English Martyr, the Roman soldier Saint Alban, suffered death for the Catholic faith.

The nuns have been welcomed to their new foundation by Cardinal Bourne, who, accompanied by Dr. Thompson the Benedictine Bishop of Gibraltar, has paid a special visit to the sisters to congratulate them on their first foundation in the Westminster diocese.

MOST REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND HOLY NAME MARCH IN WASHINGTON

Washington, Oct. 9.—The historic streets of the nation's capital resounded to the tread of 35,000 military Catholic laymen yesterday, when the combined hosts of the Holy Name societies of five States united in one of the most impressive demonstrations ever held in Washington.

The parade was the largest civilian demonstration ever held here. Sixty thousand spectators lined Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol to the treasury building and cheered the marching throng of fervent Catholic laymen who were in line to give proof of the faith that is in them and of their reverence and devotion for the Holy Name of Jesus. More than 50 bands interspersed the line of each of the 200 parish units represented was marked by distinctive badges or pennants.

Fully 20,000 people gathered close to the Washington monument to hear the addresses of the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, Right Rev. Msgr. P. C. Gavan, diocesan spiritual director of the Holy Name Society, and Patrick J. Haltigan, arch-diocesan president of the organization.

Archbishop Curley's address was a tribute to the devotion of the Holy Name men and warning against the evils that beset the nation today.

"America need fear no perils," he declared, "as long as we have such men as today marched in the ranks of the Holy Name Society. Never before was I so thrilled with honest pride as when I saw you marching in your serried ranks to give proof of your love for and devotion to the Holy Name of Jesus."

"You came here, not to show your political strength nor to impress the people of Washington by your numbers, but for your personal sanctification and to demonstrate your faith in Jesus Christ. A true regard for God and country are the motives behind this marvelous demonstration.

Patrick J. Haltigan, president of the archdiocesan Holy Name Union, explained that President Harding had canceled all his public engagements due to the illness of Mrs. Harding and for that reason was unable to review the parade. He read the following letter from the President, addressed to himself and Joseph T. Fitzgerald, president of the Washington section:

"My dear Mr. Haltigan—I want to express to yourself, and Mr. Fitzgerald my appreciation of your call early this week and my interest in what you had to say to me about the work of the Holy Name Society. It is certainly one worthy of all commendation, and I hope the great demonstration you are planning to hold within the next few days will give it a great and helpful impetus.

"Most sincerely yours,"

"WARREN G. HARDING."

It is estimated that 30,000 visitors were in Washington for the demonstration. The marching column swung into Pennsylvania avenue from peace monument at 2 o'clock sharp, the entire procession had reached the base of the Washington monument, the disbanding point before 5 o'clock. Archbishop Curley led the line of march until he arrived at the reviewing stand where he took his place and watched the thousands pass. Mounted police and soldiers led the parade, followed by the Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia, and Washington sections. More than 3,000 colored Catholics took part in the procession and with their bands provoked considerable applause from the spectators.

WONDERFUL CURES AT FAMED SHRINE

Lourdes, Oct. 12.—Two cases of remarkable cures were recently reported from the famous shrine at Lourdes. In each case the medical authorities of Lourdes, following their usual custom, require that due time should elapse before the cures are officially pronounced "miraculous," but the two cases were striking.

One was the case of Mile. Marguerite Martel, who had been considered a hopeless invalid for many years. Her medical certificate stated that she was suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs and with peritonitis.

She had been sent from one hospital to another and treated by various physicians. Sometimes they brought about a slight improvement in her condition, but this was always followed by a relapse.

She was then brought to Lourdes. Her condition was such that it was considered necessary to give her the last Sacraments. She was carried to the procession, however, and then and there was radically cured. Signs of her illness have disappeared, and she eats and walks, and no longer suffers from her malady.

The other case is that of Celestine Brun, who came to Lourdes from Lorraine. She had suffered from tuberculosis of the spine since 1910. After being taken to Lourdes, she went to the Grotto, where she had a prolonged fainting spell.

When the Blessed Sacrament passed near her she at first suffered agonies of pain, but later experienced intense relief. The physician found the patient without a trace of the disease which had threatened her life.

The patient was examined at the Medical Bureau, and the doctors present agreed that her cure was, on natural grounds, impossible to explain.

PARIS MOURNS BANK CLERK

Paris, Sept. 29.—A modest Catholic, who was known to the world only through his charity, has just passed away.

Haulin Enfert was a true apostle of the people, and the beginnings of his apostolate were as original as they were modest. He was a clerk in a bank, and happened, one Sunday, to be walking out on the fortifications of Paris, when he noticed a group of idle children.

He suggested to them that they play games, and the following Sunday he went back and took with him a ball. Little by little the large juvenile population of the quarter was grouped into a club. M. Enfert did not like to accept in his club the pupils of the Brothers' Schools, as he considered them favored by fortune; he confined membership to the most destitute and abandoned of the children of the outer faubourgs. In time the club acquired its own chapel. This was an old road wagon, known in France as a "roulotte," which had served as a habitation for some fair people until it became unusable.

The apostolate of M. Enfert continued for many years, and the original club work was supplemented by another charitable undertaking which he called the "Crumb of Bread." This consisted in serving soup morning and night to all the poor unfortunate who asked for it, without distinction of any kind. M. Enfert served the poor himself.

This modest Christian, who supported the work by his own resources, and without causing it to become known, finally had the generous thought of permitting the young college students of Paris to share in his apostolate. He asked the Ecole Normale and the Ecole Polytechnique and other large institutions to give him scraps of bread left from meals, and at the same time he invited the older students to help serve soup to the poor. He so gathered around him the elite of the intellectual youth, over whom he exerted a deep influence through his simplicity and the grandeur of his charity. It became a habit for students to go to "le pere Enfert" as he was familiarly called, and serve soup to the poor.

Among these young men were several writers, such as Charles Peguy, Jacques Maritain and Ernest Psichari, who left Socialism to embrace the Catholic faith, and whose influence is powerful, even since their death during the War. Among the large number of young Catholic men who helped him are many of the present leaders in the social movement.

On the very spot where Paulin Enfert established the chapel of his club in the old "roulotte," the church of Sainte-Anne de la Maison Blanche has been erected, and it was from this church that the funeral was held.

M. Joseph Zamanski, one of the directors of the Catholic movement, describing the funeral in the "Libre Parole," said:

"The man who awakened so many of us to the work of apostolate, now rests on the very spot where the legendary 'roulotte' came to halt thirty-five years ago. Two wooden horses, a black cloth and two tapers, nothing more, but around the coffin a whole people in tears. The church, which holds 4,000 people, is too small to hold all his friends, Massed at the doors, they wait for their turn. In the front row is the mayor of the thirteenth ward; in the choir is the representative of the cardinal, Canon Audolent, who gave the absolution. In the pulpit the pastor of Sainte-Anne paid a fitting tribute to this man of such boundless charity.

"I look about through the congregation; the children are in tears; many women are wiping their eyes and many heaved lips are trembling. How many of the great of the earth could have such a funeral as this?"

"Paulin Enfert has gone to his reward. 'Not alone' as a woman near me said. Behind the endless file of the children of his club, the hearse of the poor which he himself requested, is followed by a crowd too large to count. The whole quarter is mourning, as are all those who, at some time in their life, had the joy to approach him."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Father Isaac Jogues, Jesuit martyr of France, was perhaps the first priest to visit New York. He landed there in 1648.

The first Catholic mission within the present limits of the United States was established at St. Augustine, Florida, by Menendez in 1565.

French statistics just published show that the birth rate is highest in the departments of the North and Brittany, Lorraine and Alsace, where religious traditions are strongest.

Seven chalices already have been fashioned from gifts of gold by devout clients of Mary to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University, Rev. Bernard A. McKenna announces.

The Carmelites and the Redemptorists are to open houses in Munich, where before the War only the Benedictines, Capuchins and Franciscans had monasteries. The Jesuits have acquired their old St. Michael's Church in Munich. This was built for them by Wilhelm V.

Baltimore, Sept. 18.—News of the death of the Rev. Bartholomew Randolph of this city has been received here from China, where he went last April in company with several Vincentian seminarians, who were to study theology under his direction while preparing for the Chinese Missions.

Early explorers, most of whom were Catholics gave the names of saints to the rivers, territories and lakes they discovered in honor of the saints on whose feast-days the discoveries were made. The English changed many of the names in eastern Canada and the United States when they overthrew the French.

Church bells made of porcelain apparently are proving a success in Germany and may be universally adopted. Recently a famous china manufacturing firm at Meissen, in Saxony, completed a new chime of sixty bells for the parish church, all made of Meissen porcelain. The largest of the bells has a diameter of fifty centimeters and the bell is seventy centimeters high. All the bells in the carillon are decorated in red and gold.

Cologne, Oct. 1.—The parish priest in a little village near Bremen has provided his church with a unique set of church bells to replace those taken away during the War to provide metal for the manufacture of munitions. The priest secured the metal casing of two high explosive shells and inserted two hammers as improvised clappers. According to the villagers, the tone quality of the new bells is equal to that of the bells of pre-war days.

New figures relating to the Catholic population of the United States credit the Church with a membership of 23,000,000. This total, which exceeds by nearly five millions, the figure given in the Official Catholic Directory, is produced by Mr. E. A. Goldenweiser, a Federal Reserve Board statistician, in an article written for the N. C. W. C. News Service. If we accept this figure, the Catholic population must be raised from 17% to 21% of the total population of the country.

Los Angeles, Oct. 9.—Announcement of a donation of \$250,000 toward the erection of the new St. Vincent's Church in this city on the part of Edward L. Doheny, California oil magnate, has been made here. An intensive campaign to raise the remainder of the sum of \$600,000 required for the church is now under way. The structure will be located at the corner of Adams and Figueroa streets and will be of Spanish-colonial design, of reinforced concrete and will have seating capacity of approximately 1,500.

Goa, Oct. 5.—With the approval of the Delegate-Apostolic for India, the Patriarch of the East Indies and the Archbishops of Bombay, Calcutta and Damaun, the Third All-India Catholic Conference will be held this year at Goa from December 28 to December 30 inclusive. Last year the Conference was held at Bombay. Because of the celebration this year in honor of St. Francis Xavier which will occur at Goa in December, it was thought that this city would be a suitable place for the assembly of the Conference.

A few weeks ago in a little town of the department of Basses-Pyrenees, the body of Julien Hourcade, who was killed in aerial combat on Christmas Eve, 1916, was re-interred. On this occasion Le Patriote of Pau, in an article on the life and exploits of Julien Hourcade, revealed the following touching incident which gives proof of the Christian fervor of the young hero: "On each one of his flights, he flew over the church at Rougemont, the village where his escadrille was stationed, and dipped his plane over the tabernacle. His piety had found this original gesture in honor of his God."

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

Mary gave a little chuckle as she surveyed the scene. "Now, then, you two!" she cried. "What about a cup of tea?"

Nurse Seelye stirred and yawned, then as she saw Mary pouring out the tea, she gave a sigh of contentment.

"Oh! Mary, you jewel!" she said, "I was just parched! You know, I never sleep much after a dance."

Her lovely dark hair was loose on the pillow, for she had only taken out the pins and not troubled to comb or plait it, so tired had she been on her return from the dance; the sleep was still heavy in her eyes and her moulded arms showed prettily from the short sleeves of her lacy night-dress.

Mary thought that a pretty picture she made as she handed her the tea.

"Well, and how did you enjoy yourself?" she asked, "but, indeed, Seelye, I'm sure you had a good time anyway—you always do!"

"Oh, yes, it was all right. There was quite a decent crowd there, and everything went all right," replied Nurse Seelye; and Mary, with half-curious eyes surveyed Mary with a malicious gleam, even as she took the welcome cup from her.

Here a very different picture met her view. Nurse Lenehan was a plain, sallow featured young woman, whose very scanty locks, of a nondescript yellow hue were tightly screwed up in hair curlers.

She wore a severely useful flannel night-dress, and her small foxey eyes surveyed Mary with a malicious gleam, even as she took the welcome cup from her.

"You should have been there anyway, Miss Carmichael," she said, with a keen note of enjoyment in her voice. "I can tell you that Dr. Delaney had a good time there. He danced four or five times with Nurse Ormsby—everyone remarked it. But don't go and get jealous now!" She finished with an unkind little laugh.

Mary had turned her back and professed to be occupied with the breakfast tray, but the hands fumbling amongst the plates were not very steady. Then she heard Nurse Seelye laugh and say gaily, "Yes, Mac, dear, Theo was there. But he didn't come especially to the dance—some medical club to which he belongs gave a St. Patrick's night dinner at the Gresham, and he just looked into the ballroom afterwards to see what was going on."

"Just looked in?" repeated Nurse Lenehan spitefully. "Well, his looking in took up a couple of hours anyway! And he spent most of the time looking at Nurse Ormsby, if you ask me!"

But by this time Mary Carmichael was herself again and she laughed in her own gaily fashion as she answered: "My dear Nurse Seelye, surely you don't think that I begrudge the poor man a few hours' pleasure, do you?—even if it is spent away from my very charming society! And as for Julie Ormsby, she's a dear, and lovely too, and I wouldn't wonder at Theo or any other man dancing as often as he could with her! Don't you know that she is one of my own particular pals, and if I was a mere man I would have run away with her ages ago!"

Nurse Lenehan looked rather shamefaced, while Nurse Seelye laughed.

"You were always crazy over Nurse Ormsby's looks, Mac," she said, "but do you know she didn't look as pretty as usual last night!"

"Oh, well, she couldn't look plain if she tried," said Mary. "No more tea, ladies? No?—All right then, I must run off now—duty calls you know," and she went downstairs humming gaily to herself. But although she had shown such a brave front to the others and laughed matters off, still in her heart of hearts Mary Carmichael was a little sick and sore at the thought that Theodore Delaney should have gone to the Nurse's dance without her. He knew quite well that she would not be there, and it would have been quite as easy for him to have gone straight home after dinner as it was for him to "stroll" into the ballroom, even if it was only for a look round. And as for Julie Ormsby—well, he needn't have danced four times with her anyway! And for the first time since she had known Dr. Delaney, Mary Carmichael felt a sharp pang of jealousy stabbing her to the very heart.

She dressed and went out on her rounds, but she had finished her first few cases before she began to feel "normal" again. Then just as she was beginning to take a more cheerful view of the matter she almost ran into the arms of Mary Blake as she turned a corner with her mind far away. Two laughing exclamations sounded simultaneously, and then Mary Carmichael said—

"Oh! Mary, I was just thinking of you! Do come along and let us have tea somewhere. I do so want to talk to you and your tea and scones!"

And over their tea and scones Mary Blake listened to her friend's tale of woe.

At its close she laughed heartily. "Well! Mary Carmichael!" she said then, "I wonder—I do wonder at you! But I suppose all things

must be given to the victims of the tender passion!" Then as the other Mary flushed and looked almost offended, she leaned forward and laid her hand on hers.

"My dear!" she said softly, "don't—don't be foolish! Don't you know Theodore Delaney even yet? Why you should know him better than anyone else, and yet you are doubting him—actually doubting his faith and honour! Why dear old girl, haven't you realized that in Theodore Delaney you have an honourable, truthful gentleman—one who could never stoop to deceive a woman in anyway—especially the woman he cares for!"

Mary Carmichael smiled across the table through a mist of tears.

"Oh, Mary," she sighed, "I am a wretch. Of course I know that Theo is all you say and more, but—just for the moment—"

"Just for the moment you felt horribly jealous—and of your own special friend too! I'm ashamed of you!" and Mary Blake laughed at her friend's discomforted face.

"Oh! Mary, don't, like a dear, tease me any more! But, tell me now, how you are all at home, and how is Clare?"

"And the subject was changed and the two friends chatted away on various other matters as they finished their tea. And Mary Carmichael kneeling later on before the Tabernacle wept tears of remorse that she should ever have doubted, even for one moment, the unsullied truth and honour of he who was her king amongst men.

Holy week came and the Catholic Church entered upon her days of fasting and penitence—of prayers and ceremonies. Clare Castlemaine went with her cousins to see some of the Altars of Repose in the city churches, and in one of them she saw Mary Carmichael. She was kneeling a little way off, her eyes were fixed on the altar and her lips moved in silent prayer. Clare watched her curiously, and thought she looked pale and thin.

"Killing herself fasting, I suppose!" she said to herself. "Oh, dear! what a strange religion it is altogether, and yet what an extraordinary hold it has over the people!" She gazed around the church, noting the ever shifting crowd of worshippers passing and re-passing towards the Altar of Repose, ablaze with lights and fragrant with flowers.

The Blakes went from church to church, untiring and untired, until poor Clare felt that she should faint from exhaustion, and the day, too, was very warm and oppressive for the time of year. And yet, as she reminded herself several times, she was not even fasting, and for the last few days she knew well that a very real abstinence—with the exception of herself—had been observed in the Blake household.

It was Shamus who noticed her pale face presently.

"You look just done up, Clare—I vote you and I make tracks for home! I can finish my visits in the evening."

"Oh, don't bother coming with me—please!" cried Clare. "I am tired, but I can easily get home by myself. And you—if you have more churches to visit—oh, get them over now for you must be dead beat!"

But a gay laugh was the only reply, as Shamus piloted her towards a passing tram.

Two years later Clare Castlemaine recalled the sunny afternoon of that Holy Thursday, and saw again through a veil of burning tears the handsome face of Shamus Blake and seemed to hear again his gay and tender voice.

Good Friday dawned, and Dublin's Catholic thousands fasted and mourned, and the churches were crowded with worshippers from morn till night. And Clare Castlemaine, stumbling to her seat in what appeared to her almost terrifying darkness as she went with Tom and Shamus to the Three Hours, found herself wondering again over this strange and mystical, yet wonderfully living Faith.

And on Good Friday night Mary Carmichael stood, pencil in hand, and drew it through the last day of her fast and penitence.

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" she breathed to herself with shining eyes. "Oh! I cannot believe it! To think that at last I can count the very hours! and not so long it was weeks—then days, and now—now it is only hours! Oh! for nine o'clock tomorrow morning! I do hope there won't be many other rings at the 'phone just then, for I will be thinking that each one is 'the ring!' Oh! I hope I'll go to sleep at once, so that the morning will come the more quickly."

Needless to say this is what she did not do, for it is indeed a mere truism that the more we woo Morpheus the further he flies from us, and the other way about. So she tossed and turned for hours, going over and over in her imagination the meeting with Dr. Delaney the following evening—what he would say and what she would say—whether he would admire her new coat and tricky little velvet cap which every one said suited her so well, but which he had not seen yet. And she wondered would he tell her how he had missed her, and wondered too which of them had felt the separation most.

But at last her tired brain composed itself, and Mary Carmichael fell asleep.

Breakfast the next morning was like a dream to her. This meal was generally finished by half-past eight

—it was short if not sweet—but this morning it seemed to Mary an almost interminable repast. How the nurses did dawdle! Would Nurse Lenehan never finish that third piece of bread and butter!

And then Matron, who usually, had little to say at the first meal of the day, became quite chatty, meandering along about some meeting at the Mansion House to which she had been a few days ago.

But at last—at last it was over, and Mary free to race upstairs. She had decided to dress at once in her outdoor uniform and be ready to leave the Home for her work as soon as her chat at the 'phone was over—for that would certainly take a little time. Oh! but the sound of his voice over the wire would be music in her ears! It was only now—now when her penance was over and she was to meet him and talk to him as of yore—that Mary realized how hungry she was for the sight of his face and the sound of his dear voice.

She was pinning on her bonnet when Daisy Ray entered the room with some letters in her hand.

"Here is your post, Mac," she said. "It was late this morning. I'll leave them on the bed here for you as Matron wants me in the office."

"All serene!" cried Mary gaily, and having arranged her bonnet to her satisfaction she turned to look at the letters.

Two from the Blakes—she recognized Angel's scrawl and Mary's neat caligraphy; three from nurse friends in London, probably with Easter wishes, and then—then one in his familiar handwriting.

Before she opened it some feeling of coming sorrow gripped her heart. A moment she stood rigid, looking at the envelope in her hand, then dropping the others anywhere on the floor, Mary sat down on the bed and opened Dr. Delaney's letter.

And this is what she read:—

"Dear Miss Carmichael,

"How are you these times? It seems ages since we met, and I do hope that you are as fit as ever, and have not been overworking yourself. I suppose you expected a call over the 'phone this morning? However, I am writing instead, as for various reasons I will not be better. I am afraid I will not be able to arrange a meeting with you for this evening, as I am exceptionally busy at present; but, doubtless we shall meet somewhere before long."

"With kind regards and all good wishes for Easter-tide.

"I am,

"Very faithfully yours,

"THEODORE J. DELANEY."

Outside in the city square cars and taxis were rushing past, and the noise of the trams sounded every few minutes. Through St. Columba's itself doors banged and nurses called to each other as they got ready for the morning's work.

But inside the bedroom was a dead silence—the woman on the bed sat rigid and still with the letter clasped tightly in her hand. Fully ten minutes were ticked away by the little clock on the mantelpiece and then the silence was broken by a stifled moan, and Mary Carmichael lay prone, her hands looking at the bedclothes in agony, her eyes wide open and terror-stricken.

Two inquisitive city sparrows hopped on the window-sill and looked curiously into the room, but the next minute they flew away again. They had not liked the picture they had seen, there—and yet it was an everyday occurrence—only a woman passing through all her Gethsemane, and treading it—as we all must tread it—alone.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE DAY IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

It was nine o'clock on Easter Sunday morning, and the Blake family, having returned from early Mass, were assembled around the breakfast table. Bride was absent, as she always helped at one of the Free Breakfasts on Sunday morning, and having been at seven o'clock Mass she had rushed home for a cup of tea and then was off to that part of the city where the breakfast for the poor was given.

She would be home again about half-past nine or a little later, for even on Sundays Bride lived the strenuous life, and indeed would not have been happy otherwise.

Clare Castlemaine had not gone to Mass with her cousins that morning. The services and ceremonies of Holy Week—to which she had gone more or less out of curiosity—had attracted her strangely, and almost alarmed at the effect which they had had upon her, she had made up her mind to go to no more.

"Bride is not back yet, of course?" said Mary, as she poured out the tea. "However," glancing at the clock—"she won't be long. I hope she will remember to tell Mary Carmichael to be sure to come early tonight." Mary Carmichael also helped at the Free Breakfasts in the same building as Bride, and the latter had promised to give her a message from Mary Carmichael.

"Talking of Mary Carmichael," said Nora suddenly, "I saw Dr. Delaney last night when I was coming home from confession. And who do you think was with him?" There was a general laugh round the table, and more than one voice answered her gaily. "Who! why Mary of course! Ask us another Nora darling!"

"Wrong! Wrong! all of you!" responded that young lady. "If wasn't Mary Carmichael at all that was with him!"

"Not Mary Carmichael?" repeated her eldest sister in rather puzzled tones. "Who was it then, Nora?" His mother or sister, I suppose?"

"No, then! 'Twas neither his mother nor his sister—or his aunt or cousin or any relative! It was Julie Ormsby, looking as pretty as a picture in a Christmas number—so there!" and Nora looked round the table, feeling rather proud to have been able to impart such unexpected information. There was a puzzled silence on the part of the others, and Mary and Tom especially looked bewildered and rather worried.

"But Pat only laughed as he remarked,

"Well, if Dr. Delaney happens to meet Julie Ormsby—or any other girl for the matter of that—going probably the same way as himself, is there any reason in the world why they shouldn't walk a few yards together? That is likely what happened. Oh! Nora, jewel, you have got a bee in your bonnet—or rather under that sweet little hair of yours!"

Before Nora could reply the door opened and Bride entered in her usual quick, alert manner. Drawing off her gloves she took her place at the breakfast table, remarking as she did so that she was rather later than usual on account of having such a big crowd for the Free Breakfast on that morning.

"Did you give Mary Carmichael my message?" asked Mary. "She wasn't there," was the reply. "Never turned up, and that made us all doubly busy, for Mary is so good at the work that she is worth two of the others. I can't think what happened here for she so seldom fails us, and she knew that we expected an extra crowd this morning. I certainly think she might have managed to come, and I shall tell her so tonight."

But as it happened, Bride had no opportunity of doing so, for Mary Carmichael did not pay her promised visit to the Blake family that evening.

WEAK WINGS

By Helen Moriarty in Rotary Magazine

Even on a bright day the high stone walls of the big prison cast a gruesome, significant shadow across inside spaces where monotonous buildings and stereotyped walks speak no less sternly of irrevocable tasks than the walls and their shadows speak of irrevocable detention.

It is conceivable that the majority of the prisoners accepted the walls as they accepted their destiny, with the dullness of defeat and something, it may be, of the silliness of the trapped animal.

Also like the trapped animal, some, at times, snapped and bit at the restraint; but these soon discovered that they might as well try to bite a piece out of the iron dog on the front lawn outside, a fitting symbol of the impregnable force that had them in its power. In other words, though they could hate, and evade, and outrage their sworn enemy, the Law, once it had caught them they could neither shatter nor loose its long and menacing arm. That this same arm could be swiftly foreshortened was a lesson they learned, too, for prison punishment was no less grueling than prison discipline. A grizzly lesson, this, reacting on different temperaments in various unhappy ways. On the free, lawless temperament of John Selfridge,—"Sneaky" to his intimates of the outside world,—it had the natural effect of accentuating his bitterness and renewing the spirit of smouldering hate which obsessed him. Serving a first term for burglary, he was by no means a resentful man in deserts, and the resentment that consumed him was not so well concealed as he feared.

"He's an ornery pup," the guards who knew him best agreed. And one said to Father Durkin, by way of a joke.

"That fellow'll stand a lot of religion, Father."

Father Durkin said curtly: "He won't stand any. Religion should have been applied to his case about thirty-five years ago."

"Why, he's only about thirty—" began the guard.

"I know—I know. I mean his parents," explained the priest. "If some one had knocked a little religion into them thirty-five or forty years ago, this fellow might have some chance. But as it is—the priest shook his head and walked away, forgetful of the guard, who grew very angry and vaguely reflective. "I guess that's right."

This drew a half-sad, half-ironical smile from Father Durkin, and, try as he would to dismiss it, the vision of the—to him—pathetic figure of the spiritually defrauded Selfridge kept haunting him the rest of the day.

Sourly would Selfridge have resented the knowledge that Father Durkin was worrying about him or even presuming to give him a thought. Let them take care of themselves. . . . Let them leave him alone. After he got out—this wouldn't last forever—he could look out for himself all right. That he was here now was only an accident—an accident that would never happen again. He would see to that, for after this he would travel alone. No partner for Sneaky Selfridge, never again! If it hadn't been for that condemned dog of a Heddon . . . but, you

wait! He was free, Heddon was. Outside . . . happy . . . running around wherever he pleased. Only wait, Buddy, Your day is coming. Thus Selfridge, hugging his hate, savoring it, living week after day and week after week, tormenting with it his chained and chained spirit. Small wonder that he ignored the few friendly overtures that came his way, he who had been betrayed by a friend and who all his life had distrusted strangers much as does a wandering cur. Hard, dark, secretive, shifty, a thief by choice as well as by force of circumstances, he knew nothing but contempt for the fellow who "went straight" and also a marked disbelief in the number of those who did. "They're all crooked, but they ain't caught," was the basis of his own crooked philosophy. Similarly, he had only contempt for preachers.

"No, I ain't got no religion," he had stated coolly both to the Protestant chaplain and to Father Durkin; and he remained dumb to all subsequent questions. Selfridge soon became aware that many prisoners professed religion simply to get away on Sundays from the ghastly dreariness of their cells, but he scorned the subterfuge as well as the profession, just as he sneered at the apparent ease with which the bluff carried. So, distrustful even of his fellow prisoners, Sneaky Selfridge kept to his cell, aloof way, fending off by his surly manner all friendly approaches, stolid, dull, embittered, lonely. But he did not know that he was lonely until one day a young sparrow fell across his path.

Up in the eaves of one of the shop buildings a pair of adventurous sparrows, blithely unconscious of binding walls and prison atmosphere, had built themselves a nest. Out of this nest by chance—or by the designs of Providence, who shall say—fell one morning a small fledgling. Sneaky Selfridge, sent on an errand across the short, well-guarded distance between two sheds, felt a soft impact against his shoulder, and though he jerked back, mechanically his hand went up in time to catch the hurtling object. His first impulse was to cast the thing down, and then a glance at it stayed him. The poor, shivering little tike! Look at it, would you, with its mouth open and not a feather to its back!

"You're outa luck, Old Timer," he muttered grimly. "You didn't know what you were fallin' into, or it's a cinch you'd a held on like a good fellow!" With the early acquired prison stealth he slipped the bird into his pocket and went stolidly on his errand. It gave him a queer, uncomprehended thrill to hold his hand over the tiny bundle of bones that seemed to struggle appealingly against the enfolding palm.

Selfridge had no idea what he would do with it, but he fished some bread at noon time and amused himself throwing softened bits into the gaping maw. He was amazed at the bird's capacity for food. "For the love o' Pete!" he gasped. "Don't you never shet them jaws?" They it occurred to him that perhaps the little fellow was thirsty and he experimented with a few drops of water. Well, if that wasn't the funniest thing!

"That's about all we get, Old Timer," he gibed, distaste of prison fare being another of his active resentments. "But I'll see that you get your share if you wants stick it out with me until—"

He stopped and stared at the small object in his hand, for the strangest contraction had come into his throat at the thought of the bird flying up and away, away, into the free air beyond the gray walls, and he, still imprisoned and helpless, left behind. Never in all his life had Selfridge wasted on himself anything so frittering and futile as pity, but something was stirring in him now, a disconcerting new emotion, perhaps a far, faint call to the sin-bound spirit from its earthly prototype, nesting in the convict's nervous hand. Uneasily his other hand stole up to a throat that had never acted this way before.

"Why, Old Timer!" he breathed jerkily, still staring at the bird.

"Why, Old Timer!"

For obvious reasons prison discipline does not hold with pets, but the habit of walking softly which had earned for Selfridge the alternative title of "Sneaky" served him now in excellent stead. "If they ketch onto us, Old Timer, you're a goner," he would whisper to the bird, who soon began, as Selfridge said, to sit up and take notice, and whose rapidity in putting on feathers was equalled only by his continuous and clamorous demand for food. The convict chuckled over this constantly, informing his growing guest that he had a man's size appetite all right, all right. As the days went on he became so interested in the little creature and its care that for the first time in his prison career he began to experience a certain measure of contentment. Less accentuated was his sullen demeanor, and his step took on a resiliency that it long had lacked. No one noticed it, of course. A negligible unit in a miserable aggregate of three thousand souls, who was to care whether or not life for him had assumed a less saffron hue, or that in his secretive breast his heart felt less like an unpleasant piece of cold lead?

But when, actuated by a desire to give the bird a breath of fresh air, Selfridge appeared at the Catholic

OMEGA watch advertisement with image of a pocket watch.

Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada advertisement.

Hennessey advertisement.

FITS advertisement.

F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN advertisement.

Hotel Wolverine DETROIT advertisement.

Appetite Good, Gained 20 lbs. advertisement.

Stained Glass MEMORIAL WINDOWS advertisement.

Stained Glass Memorial Windows advertisement.

Casavani Freres CHURCH LIGHTS advertisement.

Serre Limited advertisement.

LONDON OPTICAL CO advertisement.

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS advertisement.

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc advertisement.

DAY, FERGUSON & CO BARRISTERS advertisement.

LUNNEY & LANN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES advertisement.

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC advertisement.

O'REILLY & GRACE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC advertisement.

ARCHITECTS advertisement.

St. Jerome's College advertisement.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR advertisement.

John Ferguson & Sons advertisement.

E. G. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR advertisement.

Stained Glass MEMORIAL WINDOWS advertisement.

Casavani Freres CHURCH LIGHTS advertisement.

Serre Limited advertisement.

services on Sunday, Father Durkin allowed himself a moment of wonder.

"What's up, Selfridge?" he asked bluntly, as he went among the men after Mass. "Think you want to learn a little something about God?" The convict had told him once when working about the chapel that "he didn't know nothin' about God and didn't want to."

Now, meeting the priest's keen if twinkling glance, Selfridge only shook his head dumbly. He had what he characterized as a crazy impulse to tell the priest about the bird, but he scotched it as soon as it arose. Of course the first thing he'd do would be to take the little tike away from him. . . . His hand closed softly over the sleeping bird in his pocket, and as he arose to leave the chapel he edged cautiously away from the pew. Too cautiously, for Father Durkin's sharp eyes noticed it and caught the oblique downward glance toward the coat pocket. He watched, speculating on the concealed hand and the so-carefully guarded pocket until the man passed out of sight. It looked as though Selfridge was hiding something. It might be a stolen tool or it might be only a bit of innocent tobacco. The chaplain decided to slip around to the cell block in the afternoon and see what he could see.

If Selfridge thought the bird needed fresh air in the morning he was sure by noon that he needed something more, and a sick feeling came over him as his little charge refused food for the first time. He peeped feebly to his friend's whispered chirp and the small wings began to droop. Selfridge coaxed himself and the bird at the same time.

"You ain't sick, Old Timer," he said cheerfully. "You're a little bit discouraged, like we all get in this joint. It ain't no place for you at that. No," he set his teeth in a flare of helpless anger—"nor for anybody. I'll tell the world!" He stroked tenderly the drooped wings and a faint responsive murmur shook the little body. The bird pecked tentatively at the friendly thumb near him, subsiding again into a dejected mass of feathers. The convict's heart fell. He held the fellow against his cheek, murmuring over and over in broken sentences, "Poor little tike . . . you ain't gonto get sick on me, are you? Look!" holding him up in the glancing rays of light from the high window, "see how nice the sunshine is! That's what's good for you, Old Timer."

It was thus that Father Durkin glimpsed him and saw with a gasp of surprise what it was that he held in his hand. For once, so intent had he been on the bird, Selfridge's alert ears had failed to catch the footfall in the corridor and he stood at bay as the priest spoke.

"What's the matter with your pet, Selfridge?" he asked in a matter-of-fact, though guarded tone. "Sick?"

Caution and fear battled for a long moment with the convict's anxiety for the fledgling. He was due to lose it anyhow, he could see that now. If the little tike didn't die, this here preacher fellow would peen on him and take the bird away. With a swift closing of his long graceful fingers he could crush the soft little body into an unrecognizable thing. . . . The bird stirred and snuggled his bill more comfortably between the thumb and forefinger. Something filmed over the hard surface of Selfridge's eyes, and something stabbed at the leaden lump in his breast with a sharp pain.

"Yes," he answered the priest hoarsely. "I guess he's sick, all right. I don't know," approaching the door, "what's wrong with him either."

"May I come in?" asked the priest, as he proceeded to unlock the door. "Let's see now. He took the bird gently from the convict's hand and examined it carefully. "Where did you get him?" he asked casually.

"Fell off the roof one day with his mouth wide open. I kep' him and fed him."

Father Durkin smiled. "You seem to have done a good job. He's fat, anyhow. Maybe all he needs is a little more food. He's a good bird. He stopped and glanced at Selfridge, into whose eyes flared a light of anger and suspicion.

"You'll take him away, will you?" he burst out furiously. "I knew that's what you'd do!"

The priest held up a warning finger. "Sh-h-h! . . . Not so loud! No, that's what I mean. He needs light and air. I thought I might contrive a box or something at my place and doctor the little chap up for a couple of days. You could come over at noon and feed him. You know, Selfridge, you couldn't keep him here very long anyhow," he added quietly. "It would be only a question of time."

"I know," sullenly. The old morose look had settled on his face but inwardly he was touched. He said awkwardly, "I expect that would be a good way. I'd like to see him perk up again, all right." He laid a finger ever so softly on the little head and the bird cheeped feebly to the familiar touch. "See that?" proudly. "He knows me, don't you, Old Timer?"

Father Durkin smiled. "Well, Selfridge, I'll look after Old Timer for you, and we'll fix it for you to come over at noon."

Some one scared up a cage for Father Durkin, and whether it was the sunshine, or the air, or the simple remedies, Old Timer was in pretty good shape by the next noon. Selfridge hated to let the priest see how delighted he was, and he was almost ashamed, too, of his own emotion when the little fellow recognized him, and nestling in his hand contentedly. The prisoner said little enough, but he went away smiling to himself.

Two days later Father Durkin surprised him by asking: "Would you like to take him back to your cell? He seems to be all right now."

Selfridge had begun to feel a little bit at ease with the priest and his response was spontaneous. "Do you mean it? . . . Could I?" eagerly.

"It might be arranged . . . if you want to take him. Selfridge glanced doubtfully at the little sparrow. Did he want to take him? No one knew how lonely the cell had been these last few days. But look at him, here in the window, with the fresh air, and the sun. . . . It didn't seem fair to the little tike to take him out of this, back to—

"Nah," he snarled in a sudden access of fury. "I don't want to take him! If it ain't fit for a man, it ain't fit for a poor little bird! An' you know it ain't fit for a dog, even!"

"Tut tut! Selfridge, you didn't expect a hotel, did you? Take your punishment, why don't you, like a man!"

"What do you mean—like a man? . . . What do you mean?"

Over his glasses, in a way he had, Father Durkin regarded the convict benevolently, albeit keenly. Decidedly the man wasn't in a mood for preachments. Another tack was advisable. Hence he observed, casual like, "Well, with your head up, and cheerful . . . same as Old Timer here. I don't know but what it pays in the long run."

Selfridge looked down at the bird and the glare went out of his eyes. He was a foxy little cuss, and as lively as a cricket this morning. Not much on the fly, 'count of a weak wing, but that was mending. Soon—very soon now, if they let the little fellow out. . . . An unpleasant thought. He shook it off.

Gruffly he answered the priest. "That's different." But questioned further he refused to say in what way it was different. It was plain enough, he thought. No need to fool around talking all day. . . . But all of a sudden his close lips twisted and he emitted a dry chuckle.

"Maybe we all got bum wings—all of us in here," he said. "But what I'd like to know—is his brief amusement, vanishing—is, who mends 'em?" A belligerent stare.

Father Durkin, being unexpectedly pleased, tried not to show it too plainly. Who would look for a happy conceit like that from this bleak product of society's dark and venomous paths? Yes, that was the trouble—most of them had weak wings—broken wings—of the spirit—

"Who mends them?" he repeated, without appreciable loss of time. "Well, I'm trying all the time, under the Master Mender. If you ever want yours mended—" He smiled at Selfridge, who frowned a little, shuffled awkwardly and looked out of the window, as though anxious to be gone. Father Durkin wisely refrained from pressing the point. "If you want to leave the bird here awhile longer, it'll be all right," he remarked now, as though nothing had gone before.

Every day, under permission, Selfridge came to see his former charge, and each day, encountering Father Durkin, he relaxed little by little the bars of his morose reserve. The priest found him an interesting study. In a nature sown over with moral obliquity he caught again and again fugitive glimpses of that hidden rill of fancy, running like a pure and refreshing stream through the turbid waters of the convict's mind. It ought to be curative, that hidden stream, reflected Father Durkin . . . if only an angel might trouble its secret and elusive surface. . . . He threw a smile toward the borrowed cage where the perky representative of the least considered of all feathered tribes was hopping alertly about, and went musingly into the chapel.

"Watch him fly!" cried Selfridge two days later, as the bird circled the room, making inevitably for the window, where he bumped against the screen. "Not yet, Old Timer," he said jealously. "Not yet!"

Father Durkin looked up from the letter he was writing. He remarked, "His wing's all right, isn't it?"

Selfridge was too busy whistling to the bird and calling him back to reply, and when the little fellow was finally perched on his finger again, he exclaimed triumphantly: "Look there! He don't want to go away, even if his wing is all right! Do you, Old Timer?" . . . Do you?

The priest said, dryly, "Better not try him at the open door."

Selfridge winced. "Course, he would go," he said slowly.

"Of course. That's his nature," Selfridge waxed bitter. "It's my nature to go, too, but I can't!"

Father Durkin said nothing. The convict put his hand over the bird, a dozen old emotions contending in his mind with certain upsetting new ones. At last he broke out impatiently: "Oh, I'll let him go, if you say so!"

"But I don't say so," imperturbably. "Because—" He paused for a long moment. Selfridge looked at him and their glances gripped. Something stung the prisoner's eyes as they went back to the sparrow, something long alien to their hard surface.

"He knows I wouldn't keep you in prison, Old Timer," he muttered, a constriction in his throat. "He knows . . . I wouldn't! Only—" he drew a sobbing breath—"when you're gone . . . there won't be anything . . . to think about . . . Nothing . . . a-t-all."

Unbidden tears were very close to the prisoner's eyes as he looked up at Selfridge. "Oh, I don't know," he said very gently. "What about that weak wing of yours? . . . Can't we get busy on that?"

Well, it must have been an angel that troubled the waters, but it was only a little gray sparrow that a few minutes later flew out of Selfridge's hand, up—and then out of sight beyond the walls. The eyes that followed his flight were wistful. Father Durkin may be pardoned for believing that they were no longer dull and shifty.

THE BLESSINGS OF HERESY

Dalet A. Lord, S. J., in the Catholic World

Heresy we have always with us. Many a man leaves the Church under the conviction that the latest teacher to attack her has proved, if not the soundness of his own position, at least the falseness of hers. After all, it is a simple thing to tear a creed to tatters and smash truth on the anvil, as simple and interesting as the trick of the magician of your boyhood, who smashed your watch or your father's silk hat for the amusement of his audience. Not all the good debaters are Catholics. And I believe that now, as in the days of the Apostles, Catholics leave their faith because the other side seems to have got the whip-hand. They regret the step, but they walk with apparent logic into what is the tragedy of supreme ignorance.

It is all dreadfully sad, but, honestly, it is more than a bit ludicrous. For every heretic that ever lived claimed that his difficulty was unanswerable, shouted that he had dealt the Church its deathblow, crowed loudly, and was too often followed. Yet with the slow passing of days, time grinds his arguments to powder, scatters them to the winds, and not even the shadow of a memory is left of his insoluble difficulties. Catholicism is a living, vital fact today, while the ghosts of vital fact today, while the ghosts of the Apostles, Catholics leave their faith because the other side seems to have got the whip-hand. They regret the step, but they walk with apparent logic into what is the tragedy of supreme ignorance.

No doubt not unbelief can kill the living Truth. The Church, in its moments of most terrible intellectual assault, was never nailed to the Cross as Christ was; doubt and unbelief has never slain it as they slew its Master. But if some of the disciples turned from Calvary with grief in their hearts and the faith in Christ stricken from their souls, they would speak feelingly today to the Christian who turns from his Church in the conviction that doubt and unbelief have killed it. For Christian truth is of God, and God cannot die.

GET READY FOR THE CHASE

SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HUNTERS

The open season for hunting deer and moose in Northern Ontario is rapidly approaching. South of the French and Mattawa rivers, Nov. 25th to Nov. 20th inclusive; north and west of these rivers, Oct. 25th to Nov. 20th inclusive. North of Transcontinental Railway Line the season is from Sept. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

The Canadian National Railways traverse the finest hunting territory in this country. This fact with their special and regular train service makes "The National Way" the premier line for the hunter. The hunting grounds are so vast there is game for everyone.

The selection of grounds is a most important matter and one which requires careful study. The territory reached by the Canadian National lines north of Parry Sound is already a favorite one, but the new country east and west of Capreol is as yet comparatively little known to the Hunter and should, therefore, be highly attractive to the follower of the deer and moose.

The Canadian National Railways are providing special train service, which with regular trains will meet all demands. Special trains will be operated as follows: Leave Toronto Union Station 11:15 p. m., Oct. 31st for Capreol and intermediate points, and 11:15 p. m., Nov. 2nd, 3rd and 4th for Key Jet.

The priest said, dryly, "Better not try him at the open door."

Selfridge winced. "Course, he would go," he said slowly.

"Of course. That's his nature," Selfridge waxed bitter. "It's my nature to go, too, but I can't!"

Father Durkin said nothing. The convict put his hand over the bird, a dozen old emotions contending in his mind with certain upsetting new ones. At last he broke out impatiently: "Oh, I'll let him go, if you say so!"

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Early in the last century it is related that the porter of a monastery on the banks of the Rhine was summoned to the door at an hour much later than it was usual to receive visitors. On answering the bell he found two men waiting. Both were enveloped in long cloaks, but one seemed in every way the superior of the two.

"I wish to see a priest," he said. "Is anybody dying?" inquired the porter, soldier, and quietly led him into another room.

"No," was the reply—"not tonight at least. Tomorrow—who knows?"

"It is not customary to admit any one at this hour," said the porter, "except on very urgent business. It is against the rules of the monastery, in fact; you must return in the morning."

"That I cannot do," rejoined the stranger. "It will be impossible. See here!" Throwing aside his cloak he revealed the uniform of an officer of the French Army. "I am General F—," he continued.

"Our camp is beyond. We have respected this place, you will admit. Now oblige me by calling a priest."

"Yes, your honor," said the porter, opening the door and letting the officer pass into the hall.

He sat quietly waiting, his head resting on his hand, and the sound of the porter's shuffling feet reverberated through the long corridors. In a short time he returned, followed by Father Patricius, the outdoor confessor of the monastery.

"I am General F—," said the officer, saluting the priest. "This is my servant. He wishes to go to confession."

There was something authoritative in his tone. The priest beckoned to the soldier, and quietly led him into another room.

When they appeared, after a considerable length of time, the General said:

"Now, Father, it is my turn. I also wish to go to confession."

When they had reached the small room where the servant had made his confession, the General said:

"Father, I have not been to confession for twenty-five years. We are on the eve of a great battle. Tonight my servant came to me asking permission to prepare for death. 'Why for death?' I asked. 'You have been through many battles—' 'feel a presentiment,' he said; 'and I promised my mother that when I felt this I would go to confession.' It made me reflect. I was once more a young man of twenty-two. My mother was pleading with me to go to confession. So it was year after year, when I was in her vicinity; and so it was in her letters when I was absent. Finally about five years ago—she is still living, my poor mother—I promised that if I should ever feel a presentiment of death I would make my peace with God. Until my servant came to me I had no such presentiment,—now I have. I have lived a wild life, but now I want to go to confession."

Twenty-four hours later the General and his servant were lying dead, side by side on the field of carnage.—Ave Maria.

FUN IN PROTESTANT THEOLOGY

A rollicking, irreverent wag once said that Protestant theology is the "funniest fun" he has ever read.

"It does not seem to stick together," he explained, "and in order to keep up with it, one's brain must be as active as an eccentric as a young frog pursued by a snake." That this is an exaggeration is undoubtedly true, but, when all has been said, it must be admitted that the statements of some preachers of the "pure Gospel" lend color to the wag's judgment. An instance in point is found in the following excerpt from the Church in America by William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York (Macmillan):

"We think of the Roman Catholic Church as realizing in a high degree its ideal of unity; but it is unity in variety. In Catholicism, too, different types of religious experience are found; the theologians differ as to the correct interpretation of doctrine. Nor are these differences merely private and academic. They have embodied themselves in institutions with a long history and powerful organization. What the different denominations are to Protestantism, the rival Orders are to Roman Catholicism. The struggle for power between the Franciscan and the Dominicans, and later between the Society of Jesus and the older Orders fills many a large volume of church history. So generally recognized is the fact of difference that it has found expression in official Roman Catholic theology in the distinction between the religious and the secular life. The saint is held to a higher standard than the ordinary Christian and may be granted exemption from the ordinary means of grace upon which less advanced Christians must rely for their salvation."

As an example of inconsecutive thought and expression this can scarcely be equaled. That were bad enough, but from a theological and historical standpoint the passage simply beggars description. Dr. Brown must, indeed, be a great humorist with sly eyes like those of the Lincoln imp. In view of this it is really too bad that he did not

Advertisement for VIROL, a food for nursing mothers. Includes an image of two children and text: "VIROL is for the Mother too. Virol is the great building-up Food for nursing Mothers. It contains some of the most precious food elements. Doctors urge Mothers to take Virol because it enriches the blood, and combats Anæmia, from which so many nursing Mothers suffer."

place the different Orders in categories. The Dominicans, no doubt, would be Catholic Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, the Jesuits, the Hephzibah Faith Missioners or Schwenkfelders, while the good old Franciscans having an inclination to bare feet and sandals would doubtless be Doukhebers.

Holiness depends less upon what we do than how we do it. A good action is never lost; it is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need.

Advertisement for Bayer Aspirin. Includes Bayer logo and text: "ASPIRIN. UNLESS you see the name 'Bayer' on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Colds, Toothache, Earache, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Pain, Pain. Accept only an 'unbroken package' of 'Bayer Tablets of Aspirin,' which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for."

Advertisement for Gerhard Heintzman Piano. Includes an image of a piano and text: "'Canada's Greatest Piano' Are You Proud of Your Piano? When a friend asks: 'What make of piano have you?' Do you hesitate to tell her? A Gerhard-Heintzman Piano will be a source of pleasure and pride to you for many years to come. GERHARD HEINTZMAN LIMITED 222 DUNDAS ST. LONDON"

Advertisement for Supreme Cordons tires. Includes an image of a tire and text: "Supreme Cordons THE TIRE SENSATION OF 1922 WILL BE YOUR CHOICE FOR 1922. 'NO DIVISION OF THOUGHT BETWEEN EASTERN CANADA AND THE WEST,' Says Vice-President of Eddy Company TOUR THROUGH WEST GIVES GROUND FOR STRONGER BELIEF IN CANADA'S FUTURE"

Anybody who is the least bit pessimistic about Canada's future should visit the Canadian West according to J. T. Shirreff, Vice-President of the E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, who has recently completed an extensive Western tour accompanied by John F. Taylor, Secretary and Sales Manager.

HEMORRHOIDS Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box at dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald S. Doyle, St. Johns.



J. T. SHIRREFF Vice-President of the E. B. Eddy Co., Limited Hull, Que.

In the opinion of Mr. Shirreff, there is not the slightest ground for the belief, entertained by many, that there exists a cleavage of thought or of interest between the Eastern Manufacturer and the people of the West. First hand observation is every quarter of the Prairie and Coast provinces only served to prove that Eastern problems and the problems of the West are essentially the same. Mr. Shirreff found everywhere in the West a spirit of optimism and an ever young ambition that augurs well for the future prosperity of the entire Dominion.

The trip was undertaken with the object of studying Western conditions with a view to developing still further the Western business of the E. B. Eddy Company. Messrs. Shirreff and Taylor visited the Eddy agencies in every centre West of the Great Lakes, and expressed themselves as very optimistic regarding Fall and Winter trade.



JOHN F. TAYLOR Secretary and Sales Manager The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited

It is very interesting to note that despite so-called depression in some quarters, the Eddy plant is working at capacity and capacity production at the Eddy plant is truly enormous. A daily output of 125,000,000 matches, 125 tons of paper, 100 tons of wrapping paper besides fibreware tubs, washing boards, butter tubs and various other products, keeps between 2,000 and 2,500 Canadian workmen busily employed.

With their own business steadily expanding and consequent upon their impressions of general trade conditions during their Western tour, both Eddy officials are confident that a new era of prosperity is just ahead.

The Catholic Record

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 The Catholic Record has been approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconcini and MacRae, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshkoshburg, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1922

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

"What is the situation of Protestantism today? Protestantism is like a man being asphyxiated; it is struggling for breath owing to division and owing to the inability to express itself in the organic way. The soul is dying out of a great mass of the people—(cries of 'No, no!') through a lack of religious education and lack of knowledge of the Bible."

So, according to the press reports, spoke the Rev. Salem Bland, at the Methodist Conference recently held in Toronto. The Conference was considering the report of the Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies' Committee which recommended the teaching of religion in Public schools during school hours. There was, we are told, vigorous criticism of the proposal to carry the teaching of religious subjects into the day schools and a frank admission on the part of several delegates that it is impossible to get united action from the Churches. The Hon. E. J. Davis reminded his fellow-delegates of the fate, some years ago, of the Scripture selections prepared by religious leaders of the various denominations. The people of the province, he said, rebelled at the suggestion and refused to have these readings used in the schools. Older readers will recall that though the readings were selected by Protestant clergymen the compilation was submitted to the late Archbishop Lynch to ascertain whether or not Catholics had any objection to its use as an authorized school text-book in schools supported by Catholic taxes and attended by Catholic children. When that fact became known the fat was in the fire. The work of the Protestant clergymen was dubbed the Ross-Lynch Bible, the mutilated Bible; and zealous defenders of our civil and religious liberties against the encroachment of the Roman hierarchy declared loudly and emphatically for "the whole—Bible." The pitch to which unreasoning prejudice had been lashed may be judged from the fact that a noted Toronto preacher of the time tickled the ears of his hearers by declaring during his "sermon" that he would like to see some of "these disloyalists forced to take the oath of allegiance on a crucifix or a Ross-Lynch Bible or something they believed in." Well this modest attempt to introduce into the schools something of what the Methodists are asking today received that intelligent consideration usually given to any measure that is suspected of emanating from "Rome."

Yet in spite of warnings and opposition the Conference adopted the report, after it had been pointed out that the recommendation "was not framed so as to raise the issue in any political sense."

The outcome of the discussion, as reported by The Globe, was this cautious but definite stand taken by the Conference: After declaring "that our efforts in regard to religious instruction in connection with the Public schools should be directed chiefly, at this stage, toward the establishment of a system of instruction under Church auspices rather than as an integral part of the curriculum of the school," the document recommended that Committees of Religious Education be established in individual communities. This committee should ask the local School Board for permission to give religious instruction, within regular school hours, in the school building if possible. If this were objected to, then it was recommended that the committee should secure a building near the school and arrange a time for regular instruction that would most conveniently fit in with the regular school sessions.

It will be noted that there is a peculiar qualification of the "efforts with regard to religious instruction in connection with the Public schools." "At this stage," the Church does not contemplate abdicating its function of teaching

religion in favor of the State. It is to be inferred that a stage may be reached when "our efforts may be chiefly directed" to have religious instruction made an "integral part of the curriculum of the school."

We sympathize quite heartily with those earnest and clear-seeing Protestants who recognize that the divorce of education from religion is disastrous to Church and State. But what then becomes of the familiar and overworked argument against Separate schools for Catholics? It is precisely because of the claim that there is no religion at all in the public schools of Ontario that Catholics are told that these schools ought to be acceptable to them. One never gets far in discussing Separate school claims without meeting this fallacious argument. We are glad that the Methodists have placed themselves on record as agreeing in principle with the position unalterably held by the Catholic Church. No religion in the schools is bad; Catholics have always maintained that truth which is now becoming manifest to Protestants. It is difficult for Protestants to agree on any "fundamentals" or "essentials" of the Christian religion though the basic principle of all Protestant denominations is the same. It is quite impossible for Catholics and Protestants to agree on such teaching, for the basic principle of Protestantism is diametrically opposed to the exclusive claim of the Catholic Church to teach by virtue of the authority committed to her by her divine Founder, Jesus Christ. Therefore if we are to have religion in the schools there must be separate schools for Catholics and Protestants. That Protestants do not admit the claim of the Catholic Church in no wise weakens the argument. And even if all Protestants were forever satisfied with purely secular schools the Catholic Church, wise with the accumulated experience of nineteen centuries, would have the same conscientious objections to schools wherefrom the most important thing in life, the most vital element of education, is excluded.

THE FUTURE OF PROHIBITION

Premier Taschereau of Quebec resents what he interprets as the inception of an attempt to impose prohibition on his province. Dr. C. W. Saleeby of London, England, and the Rev. Mr. Spence of Toronto, have been telling the people of the lower province that the royal road to temperance is through legislative prohibition.

No one in Quebec went quite so far with these Prohibition apostles as Dr. Saleeby's countrymen with "Pussyfoot" Johnson but Mr. Taschereau figuratively put an eye out of the English doctor with this caustic comment on his supposed mission to Quebec: "I have no objection to English physicians preaching the great benefits derived from temperance and showing the evils of alcoholism. But if alcoholism is making in England and Scotland such ravages as those described by Dr. Saleeby, and all if the Canadian race is as sound and strong as he described it, I do not see why he does not use his energy in trying to remedy the conditions existing in his own country instead of coming here to decry England."

And he added pointedly: "To convince Quebec that Prohibition is an effective remedy to alcoholism, it would take something different from the results produced in the United States and in the prohibitionist Provinces of Canada."

The results of Prohibition are, to say the least, disappointing. "For," asks a writer in the New York Times Magazine, "what have we gained by exchanging the bartender for the bootlegger? Have we abolished intemperance? Have we reduced crime? Have we saved the younger generation? Have we decreased insanity or poverty? Have we established a higher standard of sex morality? Have we reduced taxation? Have we emptied the jails, lunatic and orphan asylums, almshouses and reformatories?"

"To ask these questions is to answer them for all except the wilfully deaf and blind. We were promised all these things in the name of prohibition, but not one of them has come to pass. The daily press is a daily witness to the intensification instead of the reduction of all of the evils mentioned. And on top of all these have come a spirit of unrest and disorder, a

prevalence of corruption among public officials, a disregard and contempt for law that threaten the very foundations of our temple of law and liberty."

As to the disregard and contempt for law, thoughtful and unbiased observers everywhere are becoming more and more seriously concerned. On those whose characters and habits of thought and life were formed before this extremist sumptuary legislation was enacted, the widespread contempt in which it is held by otherwise law-abiding citizens has little serious effect. But on those whose characters and habits of thought and life are now being formed, the contempt for the Prohibition law and the condonation of its evasion must often have a deplorable influence. Indeed many trace much of the growing evils of the day to this source.

Roger W. Babson, the statistician, in a special letter to his subscribers has this comment on the Literary Digest poll on Prohibition:

"Many good people are disturbed by the result of The Literary Digest's vote on Prohibition. The Digest mailed blank votes to nearly 10,000,000 telephone subscribers, and the returns so far are showing about 91% for repeal of the Prohibition Amendment, 41% for light wines and beer, and only 38% for a continuation of the present laws. Clients and others are justified in being disturbed; but they are not justified in being surprised. When surprised, it is because we are governed by our hopes rather than by our studies. We think others are like ourselves with the same tastes, motives and desires. We figure that after a 'law' is passed, we have nothing more to worry about. We forget that 'making' laws does not make men. We need something like this test by The Literary Digest to wake us up."

"The Digest's vote is simply another evidence that legislation and even Constitutional amendments are of little benefit excepting as the desires of men and women are changed. I believe in Prohibition—voted for it and always will vote for it 100% 'dry'—but as a statistician I realize that the vote was put through under the stress of war and without changing the basic desires of a sufficient number of people. Until the desires (or what the preachers call the 'hearts') of people are changed, legislation does not accomplish much. Such legislation is like painting a building which has rotten timbers."

Hardly a day goes by that an urgent appeal does not come to me to "join" some society, league or association with the purpose of putting across some reform. All of them are good, and they are being directed by good people.

All organizations are up against the same problem: viz., they are trying to change the activities of men and women without changing their hearts; or speaking statistically—their desires. This is why they have an up-hill fight and always will until the desires of people change. As this time approaches, people say that public sentiment is changing. This is why public sentiment is so powerful. But public sentiment is simply a popular way of saying that the desires of people regarding a certain thing are undergoing a change. We all know how fickle is public sentiment. It will change almost overnight, but it is very treacherous. Every political leader knows this. What the nation needs is to permanently ingraft into the hearts of men and women right desires. Then all of these problems will solve themselves. Then with a proper system of education all the "Anti" and "Pro" leagues, associations and societies could disband.

"What does permanently change the desires of men and women? Only one thing—namely Religion. This has always been true throughout the ages and is true today."

We give this lengthy quotation, first because it expresses so well the prevailing Catholic view of such legislation, and secondly, because it shows that some even of the "100% dry" Prohibitionists are beginning to see the futility of substituting legislation for religion in raising moral standards.

Nor is this an isolated instance by any means. The Manufacturers Record, a strongly Prohibitionist organ, has recently issued a pamphlet, "The Prohibition Question," in which it publishes the replies to a letter sent out to a thousand leading men, who, five years ago, signed a petition to Congress in favor of Prohibition. The great majority of the letters published show that those of the thousand who answered (apparently less than one half) are still strongly Prohibitionist; but there are many and notable exceptions.

For instance, the President of the Seaboard National Bank, New York, writes: "I started out as being entirely in favor of Prohibition, but in a short time its workings had so pro-

stituted the best instincts of our people that many of them became criminals, law breakers, crooks and confidence men, and so far from prohibiting—there never has been so much open drunkenness in our streets as now, and the conditions are still worse in private life! The majority are against it, but it is so surrounded with barriers that the fanatic minority close every effort for justice and fair play."

"I am, however, in favor of closing the saloons, and of temperance."

Another from Boston concludes his letter thus:

"I come to the conclusion, therefore, that Prohibition is impossible to make complete, that it is unfair and tends to make all law less sacred and that some other method of regulation should have been devised. I believe that the Eighteenth Amendment will ultimately be taken out of the Constitution and that some better method will be devised to confer the undoubted benefit of Temperance on the people and to obviate the serious faults of any sumptuary law."

Samuel Hopkins Adams writes: "The worst feature of the situation is the open contempt for the Law which is everywhere observable, and which, in my opinion, produces a reflex of contempt for all laws, subtly and perilously anarchistic."

George Blumer of New Haven bears testimony to the fact that contempt for the Prohibition laws is far from being confined to thugs and criminals; if it were the harm done would be negligible. He writes:

"Your quotation from President Harding expresses the beneficial side of Prohibition. There is another side of the question of which I have been acutely aware for some time, the side that was emphasized by Justice Clarke in the public press within the past few months. My personal experiences among my friends and acquaintances, who are mostly professional men and college professors, has led me to the conclusion that Prohibition has had a most disastrous effect on the attitude of many of our most respected citizens toward the law. I am aware from personal experience that many people regarded as representatives of the best citizenship are daily breaking the Prohibition Law."

"I think I may frankly and honestly say, therefore, that I regret having signed the petition in favor of Prohibition."

"I think I made two mistakes in signing it. In the first place I now feel that it is a mistake to put oneself on record in favor of a movement unless convinced that the principle underlying the movement is sound. Progress in matters of this sort must come through education and the development of self-control. In the second place I think that I, and probably a great many others who advocated Prohibition, failed to consider the psychological effect of the law and did not foresee the effects that its passage would produce on the respect for law in general."

Nevertheless all agree that the abolition of the saloon or public bar was a distinctly progressive step which must be irrevocable. And this, whatever be the future of the law, is one solid achievement to be placed to the credit of the Prohibitionists.

While the law is in force it is the duty of all good citizens to obey it whether approving it or not; but the time is approaching when the whole matter will be reconsidered in the light which practical experience throws on the whole subject.

A GREATER PART OR A SMALLER ONE

By THE OBSERVER

Recent events in Europe will have done Canada some good if they bring home to us more clearly the position into which we have been drifting. Since the War we have given a formal and perfunctory consent to a number of treaties, the meaning and the importance of which have cost our statesmen hardly a thought; and still less have they given any concern to the ordinary citizen nor to anybody in this country at all. The two leaders of the old parties have disagreed as to what Parliament did do in regard to the Treaty of Sevres; and the leader of the other party has not given any opinion on the point. A perusal of the discussion in the Senate shows that there was no

intention of ratifying the Treaty; and in fact it was never ratified by anybody; not by England nor by Turkey; without whom there could be no treaty in which Canada could possibly be interested.

The whole discussion and the whole of the recent events affecting Turkey show very plainly that if we are going to hold ourselves bound to go to war whenever the Balkans blaze up, we had better make up our minds to take a little more interest in what sort of treaties are being made for us in Downing Street, London, and in the terms and provisions of whatever treaties Canada is in great need of having some defined policy in respect to her part and her liability in regard to European affairs. I have been trying in this column, from time to time for the last three years, to draw attention to the unsatisfactory position into which we were drifting. I do not suppose there was much interest felt in the matter anywhere. The fact is, the average, ordinary view in this country was, that once the War was over, all that should follow was a matter for Mr. Lloyd George and his associates to attend to and that Canada had nothing to do with it one way or another.

The menace of a new war has come at a time when public opinion in Canada is in a responsive state and there will be no undue rush to take on the burden of a new participation in the troubled affairs of Europe without more proof of the need of it than has yet appeared. But the events of the past few weeks should set Canadians thinking. We must realize now that always in the future whenever England thinks of going to war anywhere, Canada will be asked to go in. It is all very well for Mr. Lloyd George to say that he did not ask us to go in, but only let us know that there might be a chance for us to go in if we felt like it; but that is not the way that a great many people in this country looked at it when the message came; and that is not the way in which the people of Canada are likely to look at such messages. For, if that were all, we might as well be left to send the first message. We were to all intents and purposes asked to go in; and unless we make an attempt to define our position, and to put some limitations of a definite character upon our liability in regard to European wars, we may expect to get a similar message in the future in every case where England thinks of fighting, whether or not the Empire, including Canada, is in danger; whether or not the interests involved are common to us all; or are only the particular interests of England or of some other part of the Empire.

I think we had better abandon once and for all the notion that whenever England is at war Canada is also at war. To commit ourselves to any such principle as that, while we remain without the power to elect even one member of the Parliament to which alone the makers of war or peace are responsible, would be an act of sheer political madness; one which could hardly commend itself to any large number of Canadians when they are free from excitement. But the trouble is that a time when war is threatened, and when a people with whom we are in close and friendly relations are asking, reasonably or unreasonably, for our aid, is not a time when the clearest and coolest thinking can be looked for.

Therefore it will be well to have some definite principles laid down, for our future guidance, in regard to the liability of this country to take part in wars outside her own boundaries. The reason for having a political constitution is, that it gives a rule to go by in national matters, and serves as a common ground on which all the people of a country can meet; and must meet; thus avoiding the dangers of a sudden wholesale change of national policy under sudden excitement or great provocation. Also a constitution keeps foolish demagogues from doing as much damage to old and well-tried institutions as they could and would do in the brief spells in which they exercise power.

Now, if there is one thing that calls clearly for constitutional definition in Canada, it is the matter of our liability to be called on to take part in wars abroad. Perhaps such a matter cannot be defined with a legal or mathematical exactness; but at least some of the main principles of the matter can be

laid down; some of the necessary limitations can be stated.

But there will be some one who will fear that Canada will lose by doing this some part of the colonial servility that is so dear to the heart of the Loyalist who spells that word with a capital "L." And it will be said,—Why worry? We have the right, of course, to decide in any given case whether we shall go in or not. That may or may not be true. Suppose that instead of the so-called Treaty of Sevres being mere waste paper, it had been fully ratified by all the parties concerned, what then? Should we have had, in that case, the full right to decide on peace or war? Yes, if we had had as full opportunities as anybody else to play a part in the making of that treaty; no, if we merely followed a hint given us from London when we signed it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE REV. DYSON HAGUE, that prolific exponent of "evangelical" Anglicanism, quotes the well-known text: "In the midst of life we are in death," as from the Anglican burial service. It would not be surprising if the reverend gentleman further assured us that St. Paul got it from that source.

LITTLE BY little the scientific world, or rather a certain section of it, which would have us believe the Church to be the irreconcilable foe of scientific investigation, pauses by the way to admit its indebtedness to men who were no less conspicuous for their attachment to the Faith than for their eminence as devotees of science. A recent instance of this was the celebration of the centenary of Champollion's discovery of the Key to Egyptian hieroglyphics.

UNTIL THIS celebrated Frenchman's elucidation of the mystery in 1822, these hieroglyphics, carved or painted on the tombs and temples of ancient Egypt, were a sealed book to the modern world. For centuries archaeologists had striven in vain to decipher their meaning, lacking which the history, the manners and customs of that wonderful people remained purely conjectural. It remained for the Catholic Champollion to unravel the mystery, and the discovery of the Key on his part was due to the finding of what is known as the Rosetta stone in the ruins of the ancient town of that name (or Rashid, in Arabic) at the mouth of the Nile. This stone was discovered by a French officer, Bousard, engaged in repairing the Fort St. Julien, on the same site, then under French control. Under the treaty of Alexandria the stone became the property of Great Britain and is now one of the most treasured possessions of the British Museum.

THE ROSETTA stone is thus described: It is a large slab of black basalt, bearing an inscription relative to the coronation of Ptolemy V. This inscription is trilingual, or in three languages—hieroglyphics, the sacred writing of the ruling class; in demotic, or the popular language of Egypt, and in Greek. It was thus possible to compare the hieroglyphic characters with the Greek, and the way to their decipherment was thus opened. The difficulties in the way, however, were very great, and were complicated by the condition of the stone when found, as a part was broken off, or so badly mutilated as to render portions of the inscriptions indecipherable. Patient study, however, and Champollion's penetrative genius gradually overcame these difficulties, and in the event, the mystery which had so long enveloped the history of ancient Egypt was effectually swept away.

THOSE INTERESTED in this fascinating event may find the story told in full in Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated lectures, "The Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion." These lectures though long superseded by later narratives, and by the marvellous developments in physical science since their delivery, still retain a certain value, and as literature will always have an attraction for the studious. Champollion is therein seen to have been not only one of the first scientists of his age, but a devout Christian into the bargain, and while in the rush of modern scholarship his name has been forgotten except by the few, the celebration of his centennial has served to remind the world of

its indebtedness to him, and to restore him to the place which his achievements in science have earned. Above all, he proves in his own person that Faith and true science are perfectly reconcilable.

THE TORONTO GLOBE has editorially called attention to the disgraceful condition in which one of Ontario's most interesting historical monuments, "The Priory," Guelph, is allowed to remain. This was the first house built in Guelph after its foundation by John Galt in 1847—or it is at least the oldest now standing. Temporary structures were no doubt first erected in the new settlement but they have long since disappeared. "The Priory" remains, delapidated and neglected as it is, a monument not only to the romantic beginnings of a now flourishing community, but to a distinguished man, John Galt, its founder, who by his literary attainments shed lustre upon it.

THE GLOBE briefly reviews the history of the structure and reproduces William Lyon Mackenzie's description of nearly ninety years ago. It says nothing, however, of the fact that it narrowly missed becoming the residence of a future Roman Cardinal. The story has often been told, and it is not necessary to reproduce it here, beyond recalling that when Bishop Macdonell sought for assistance in the government of his then vast diocese it was given to him by the appointment of a coadjutor, in the person of the Rev. Thomas Weld. Bishop Weld did not in the event, however, come to Canada, although retaining for three years his office in the Canadian Church. It was his unlooked-for elevation to the Sacred College that put an end to the prospect. Evidently it was the intention when his purpose of coming out to Canada was effected that he should take up his residence in Guelph, and from that point oversee the western half of the diocese, which then covered the entire Province. Referring to "The Priory," in a letter written from Guelph in 1827, and published in Fraser's Magazine in 1880, Mr. Galt says: "We have some expectation that Mr. Bishop Weld of Lulworth Castle is coming here." Should the people of Guelph develop sufficient regard for their past, as to take adequate steps to preserve this interesting monument, it might fittingly have inscribed in its portals that it was the intended residence of the first Canadian Prince of the Church, Cardinal Weld.

BOY LIFE

"Talks to Boys" By Rev. J. P. Centoy, S. J. Published by permission of the Queen's Work Press.

THE MISFITS

When a door is locked that leads into a room we wish to enter, what do we do? We do not at once take down the door nor remove the lock. We try to get a key that will fit the lock; and if the key does not fit we file the wards until it does fit.

When we are using a new baseball glove for the first time, breaking it in, we find that it does not hold the ball well. What do we do? We do not take a bat and pound the ball into a jelly, but we keep at the glove till we have worn a little pocket in it to receive the ball.

When we are dealing with a limb dislocated through some accident, we do not push the body around to make it adjust itself to the limb. We pull the limb back to the body and make it fall into place again.

"What is all this about?" you ask. Well, if we view it at a certain angle, it is all about ourselves. We come into this world with but one great business to attend to—namely, to fit ourselves into life, rightly to adjust ourselves to things as we find them. And sometimes we are like the key, active, aggressive, starting things; sometimes like the glove, passive, enduring severe blows; and, again, we are like the dislocated limb, which first suffers a strong pull to get it into place, and, after that, is energetic in the use of its full power.

But no matter which one of the three we happen to be imitating, we are always supposed to be doing our best to fit in with the situation. The sooner we learn this fundamental idea, and get to work to put it into practice, the more sense we reveal and the greater the amount of good we finally accomplish. One of the hardest criticisms we pass on a man in any line of work is, "He is

a misfit." It implies absolute incompetence, hurtful to others as well as to himself.

"Yea, yea," puts in Happy Hal at this juncture. "Terrible thing, these misfit men. But I'm not a man yet, so you're not talking to me. Believe me, when I am a man I'll be no misfit. I needn't worry yet, though, as I'm only a college boy." And Happy Hal whistles a bar or two of "College Chums."

Believe me, son, you're the very one I am talking to. If you do not learn to fit in while you are at school you needn't expect to fit in after your school is over. The fitting-in idea is the very backbone of school training. It is more important than all the branches of study taken together, because it is the thing that gives these branches their meaning and their cohesive power. I have seen brilliant, original boys at school turn into miserable misfits in after-years; and contrariwise, I have known boys who kept moving ahead at a snail's pace in their classes develop into men of astonishing power and momentum. The reason? The first kind of boys didn't fit in: the second did. Branches in a school are only the loose bricks. The fitting-in ability is the mortar that holds those bricks together and builds them into a strong, dependable wall.

"But what does this 'fitting in' mean?" you ask. "I don't quite grasp the idea."

To put the idea compactly, "fitting in" means that in every essential duty, mental, moral, social, the boy is found in the right place. We may illustrate this idea by comparing what is expected from a boy with what is expected from each member, say, of a baseball team. Suppose in a game of ball there is a man on first base, one out, and the batter hits a ball down to the shortstop. He takes the ball, tosses it to the second baseman, and the latter, whirling, sends the ball with perfect accuracy to first base. The ball shoots directly over the fence.

The first baseman—oh, where is he? They look around and discover him away over in front of the grand stand! After the inning, to the captain's heated demand for an explanation of this weird behavior, the baseman answers thus: "Pardon me, but just as Crawford hit the ball I observed that a lady in the grand stand had dropped her score card into the field, and I went over to get it and hand it back to her."

There is a misfit! And no game, no enterprise of any kind has room for misfits. What is wanted, and what must be had before success is possible, is that each person in the system be in his proper place at all times, no matter what may be the temptation to leave it. That is "fitting in."

And so at school. A boy enters school, and the first thing he notices is that a certain definite system is in force. Certain laws of conduct are laid down; the studies follow a fixed routine; so many days per week of class, so many hours of preparation required, special methods of study followed, various customs in possession, an approved number of societies and organizations he may join and support. It is a full-fledged, time-tried system; and into this system he is supposed to fit.

Now, in this process he will be unlike the key and the glove and the disjointed limb. These, each in its own way, fit in, but chiefly through the application of some outside force to which they must respond. The school system applies a force from outside, it is true, but it isn't a compelling force. It is merely a persuasive, a moral force; which means that if the boy makes up his mind not to respond to it he cannot be forced. Ultimately, therefore, it is his part to compel himself to fit himself in.

And exactly here becomes evident the difference between a sensible student and a misfit. One boy looks, sees, understands the requirements, and immediately gets to work on himself. The other boy will not look, until somebody takes him by the back of the neck and holds his eye right over the difficulty. Then he shuts both eyes, and they have to be pried open, like an oyster. Then he refuses to understand—too much headwork. And even when he does understand he declines to fit himself into the system of college life.

The result is that he has to be filed down, pounded, pulled into

joint; at which the poor child sulks, kicks, paws up the floor, cries out that he is persecuted, and goes home and tells father and mother, especially mother, that he isn't "getting a square deal." All the while he feels like a martyr. From the depths of his soul great sobs, like bubbles, burst on the surface, and he knows he could sing the beautiful ballad "Nobody's Darling" with a pathos that would call for large handkerchiefs in the vast audience. This is one boy who fits in nowhere at school, and, unless he learns, is wanted nowhere in the world.

Another kind of boy at school reminds one very much of little Tommie Smithers. Tommie stood at his front gate in the calm evening air, feeling great. He gave nine echoing 'rahs for his father, nine for his mother, and nine for his sisters and cousins and his aunts, closing with a ripping "tiger" for the whole family.

Just then Tommie's father put his head out the door and said: "That's enough of that, Tommie. Come in, now, and get up the coal."

Tommie staggers back aghast, leans his head like a lily against the gate-post, and two real tears, like gems, stand in his eyes. After that magnificent vocal exhibition in the family praise, to be called upon to carry coal! "Father doesn't understand me, that's clear."

Any boys like this in college? Surely. They are the single-branch specialists, who choose one thing out of eight or nine that they are expected to do, and call it a college course. And the one thing they choose is noise-making. Only to hear their frenzied shouts at college games!

"Gee, but we have a wonderful team!" Enthusiasm foams up, swirls around, splashes on all sides. "Once more! Three cheers for Alma Mater! Tiger-r-r-r!" His jungle work is perfect.

Next morning Professor Driver asks him for his Latin theme. "What? You can't mean it!" And he turns upon the professor a look of gazelle-like surprise, slowly hardening into a stern, movie-hero resentment, as who should say, "Me, the great Lung Artist, to dig into the obscurity of a Latin dictionary! What's this college coming to, anyway?"

He expects the college to fit him; imagines, indeed, that he is conferring a favor on the school by his simple presence. As far as he can see, he is the only one around the place who has any college spirit, and his general attitude toward the faculty plainly says, "They need me at this school."

The fact is the Rabid Rooter knows nothing of college spirit. Genuine college spirit means the spirit of the college, getting the college point of view, not on one thing, but on all the things the college considers essential to its training, and, after that, not waiting to be hammered into position, but fitting ourselves in freely, though under due guidance.

Looking at matters thus, we see that we have to fit in correctly with studies, with companions, with the faculty, with the Ten Commandments, the sacraments, and our devotions, as well as with the societies, the games, and all the customs of the school. All these, too, must be considered, not successively, but simultaneously. Each is to be adjusted always in view of the others, and emphasis laid on each accordingly. For undue attention to, or neglect of, any one of them may mean failure in all.

To finish a college course successfully is to do a complicated piece of work, and no one can do it well but him who has the real desire to fit himself in, who studies the college spirit and adapts himself to it carefully.

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLICS OF MEXICO FEAR FOR RECOVERY OF ARCH-BISHOP

Mexico City, Oct. 1.—The Most Rev. Jose Moray Del Rio, Archbishop of Mexico and head of the Church in this country, is seriously ill and fears are entertained for his recovery.

The venerable prelate has been under great strain for the past several years, due to the aggressions of extremists, who have repeatedly threatened him because of his activities in organizing Catholic working-men and his energetic stand against radicalism.

In February last year an infernal machine was exploded in front of his palace, the blast wrecking the fronts of several adjoining build-

ings and shattering panes of glass for a whole block. Archbishop Mora had just celebrated Mass in his private chapel on the main floor and was making his thanksgiving when the infernal machine exploded.

"May God forgive the blind perpetrators of this dastardly deed, for they know not what they do," was his comment.

In September of last year another attempt was made to blow up the archiepiscopal residence and the property was seriously damaged. Again the Archbishop was unhurt.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS RETURNING

COMMUNITIES THAT FOUND REFUGE IN BRITAIN ARE RETURNING TO NATIVE LANDS

London, Eng.—When the French Government drove out the religious orders it was a loss to France, but a very distinct gain to England.

And now that the French Government seems to have repented, and to have invited the exiled religious to return to their native land; it is France's gain and England's loss.

About two years ago this exodus began, and some French nuns from the Isle of Wight went back to Brittany. But the present movement is much more serious, for the Isle of Wight is losing the great Benedictine community of monks at Quarr Abbey as well as the nuns at St. Cecilia's Abbey in the neighboring town of Ryde.

When the Quarr monks first came to English shores they settled at a great country mansion in the Isle of Wight known as Appuldurcombe House. Later on they acquire a property known as Quarr Abbey, on which were the ruins of an ancient monastic house of that name, and here was built a huge abbey with a fine church in which the choir monks celebrated the Divine Offices every day, attracting to this island students of plain chant from all parts of the world.

The abbot of this community enjoyed a double title. For although he was in the canonical and territorial sense Abbot of Quarr, he was also Abbot of Solesmes, the monastic home in France which is the headquarters of the Benedictine Congregation of France. So the Quarr monks have packed up their belongings, including the valuable library in which is the material on which the reform of plain chant was constructed, and only a small band will be left behind to keep the monastery going.

THE EXODUS FROM ENGLAND

But this depletion of the ranks of the religious orders in England will, no doubt, go on all over the country. Many years ago there was a rumor that the French Government was about to expel the Carthusians, and so the Fathers of this order bought a property in Hilaire Belloc's favorite country of Sussex, and here they have built a gigantic monastery, which is reputed to be large enough to contain all the French Carthusians. As a matter of fact, the Fathers of the Grand Chartreuse went to Spain; but there is a very large Carthusian community in England, and it is not expected that these Fathers will be returning to France.

Among the exiled Benedictine monks is the flourishing community at St. Michael's Abbey at Farnborough. The Abbot of this house is the famous scholar Dom Ferdinand Cabrol, who is known throughout the learned world for his liturgical researches. This abbey was founded and endowed by the late Empress Eugenie, and in the crypt of the abbey church the Empress lies buried, together with the Emperor, and her son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu War.

There are numbers of convents also scattered up and down the country, founded by nuns exiled from France. Their return to their native land will leave a serious gap that will be hard to fill. But it is possible that these various communities of monks and sisters will leave small communities behind. In almost every case large establishments have been set up, particularly in the case of the Benedictines at Ryde, Quarr, and Farnborough, and in any case the religious life will be maintained, though in a perhaps less comprehensive form.

In some instances the War was responsible for the return of religious. For example the Abbot of Caermeria, in Wales, who came over from France with his community found his monks so scattered as a result of the War that he was obliged to close the house, and return to France. A like fate overtook the once flourishing Benedictine abbey of Erdington, near Birmingham, whence the monks have gone back to Germany and the Redemptorist Fathers have taken over their parish and house. The French Clergymen, who settled in the county of Devon, where they revolutionized the industry of sheep breeding, have also gone back to France; and although the English religious orders are in a flourishing state, the loss of these great monastic centers from the English countryside is serious both from a religious as well as an economic point of view. For, however unwilling the Protestant English might be to admit the fact, the coming of the French monastic orders to England brought an appreciable amount of local

prosperity, and many who were indifferent to the religious ministrations of the monks and nuns, were the beneficiaries of the local industrial prosperity that followed their coming.

AN IMPORTANT COMMUNITY

The community of Benedictine nuns that goes back to France from St. Cecilia's Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, is one of the greatest importance. Numbering some 80 choir nuns, not counting the lay sisters and the other persons of the abbey, these nuns celebrate the Divine Office daily in choir with a dignity and solemnity hardly to be met with elsewhere. The great conventual church which they built, with its imposing nuns' choir at the side, was daily crowded with visitors at both High Mass and Vespers, when the nuns rendered the plain chant with a singular beauty.

The community is unique in the fact that among its professed nuns are four Royal ladies, three of them members of the Imperial Bourbon-Parma family, and a fourth a Princess of the Bavarian Lowenstein family. The King of Spain invariably visited the abbey on his frequent visits to England, and it is stated on very reliable authority that more than one crowned Head had sought the advice of an aged Royal lady whose experience, before she became an abbess, had admirably fitted her to give advice to Royalties in difficulties. The former Empress Zita of Austria has two of her sisters among the nuns of this abbey and at one time there were rumors that the Empress would settle in the neighborhood of the convent.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

VENERABLE BISHOP GROUARD OF ATHABASKA ON HIS MISSIONS

After recounting the foundation of a flourishing parish at Falher and the advent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Montreal who now have there a school of 80 children under their care the apostolic prelate proceeds with a graphic account of his missionary travels.

A second joyful and consoling event was the blessing of a new church at Great Prairie City. The priests' residence was destroyed by fire two years ago. This residence was at some distance from the city and it was the unanimous opinion of faithful and missionaries that when they rebuilt it should be in a more central location, and my consent having been asked and given, they built a church and a presbytery. I was asked to bless the church and at the same time administer confirmation to about thirty persons. I had announced my arrival on the train reaching Great Prairie City on Saturday, and the Catholics were waiting for me, but owing to a wreck which upset the regular schedule of the trains I had to stop at Spirit River. This unfortunate occurrence caused me a great deal of annoyance which I was at no pains to hide, but after our dinner a man who was then working at the mission said to Father Josse: "If the Bishop is able to travel all night I think that with four horses I may be able to have him reach Great Prairie in time for the High Mass."

The Father came to make known this plan to me, and we thought over it for a moment. The distance was fifty-six miles and the road was frightful, filled with ruts, swamps and mud, and we were in danger of spending the whole of Sunday completely astray, but our man seemed certain of success and I decided to start. Nevertheless, Father Josse thought it prudent to send a telegram to the priests at Great Prairie, notifying them of my departure and requesting them to hasten an automobile or a carriage to meet me.

We set out with the horses at a gallop. I spare you an account of the bumping, splashing and other disagreeable circumstances of that ride. We set out at two in the afternoon and at seven o'clock we reached a small brook where it was formerly customary to encamp. We had traversed half the distance. The horses were tired and we had need of rest, so we halted there. While the man was engaged in feeding and watering the horses I made a fire, filled the kettle at the brook and prepared our supper. At eight we set out again. Between nine and ten we saw a carriage coming towards us. "That is some one coming to meet you," said the man, and when the carriage was near he said to the driver in English, "Who are you?"

"I am looking for the bishop." "Here I am," said I, "all right." I entered his carriage and thanked my man, who turned about and returned at a gallop. We did the same and my new guide told me that an automobile was waiting for me at Sixsmith, the third station before reaching Great Prairie. "You will have time to rest and you will arrive early tomorrow." "Oh, if the automobile is there I prefer to use it at once," I answered, and so it was. I reached about midnight the city which I had despaired of reaching in time for the beautiful ceremony which thank God, took place to the satisfaction of all.

However, there was a great sorrow mingled with this joy. Father Rault, the pastor, could not

assist at this festival for which he had prepared with great zeal. He had been in bed several days with a fever and the doctor told me that a rest in another climate was necessary. His illness was aggravated by anxiety caused by the financial situation of his parish, for despite the assistance which I had been able to give him and the help of the faithful, a heavy debt was hanging over it. This was due to the fact that everybody was experiencing hard times. The harvest had been good, but there was no market. There are elevators at the railroad stations to which the people can bring their grain, but they were offered only forty cents for a bushel of wheat and fifteen cents for a bushel of oats. It will be readily understood that the poor people did not hasten to sell. They are waiting for better terms.

Owing to the illness of Father Rault, Father Serrant replaced him, and Father Hautin from Lake Sturgeon assisted us as best he could. My programme was to go to that station for the following Sunday, but Father Hautin warned me that smallpox had broken out in the vicinity. The sister Superior also wrote me that she and all the children of the school were attacked by the disease, forty-seven being sick at the same time. The good Sisters had nursed them and restored them to health at the expense of their own strength and they would be to understand that it would be better for me not to risk going there. These warnings made me laugh, and I set out with Father Hautin for Lake Sturgeon, where I was warmly received. I gave confirmation to more than thirty children, visited the Sisters' establishment, where my attention was called to the inadequacy of the classroom and their state of disrepair, in order to convince me of the necessity of building new ones. It was only too true, for all our houses, being built of native wood, do not last long, since the Indian children are frequently obliged to take their recreations there for lack of other shelter on rainy days. I likewise visited several persons who were ill of smallpox, for it would have been unkind to deny them that consolation.

The epidemic had raged all winter at Little Slave Lake, where it had claimed several victims. Hitherto unknown in these regions, it had been brought by immigrants who come from everywhere to establish themselves here. Some Crees from Lake Sturgeon had gone to visit their friends at Little Slave Lake and brought the disease with them, and it was there. I have no doubt, that I contracted the germs. Returning through Great Prairie City, I was forced to accept the invitation of the Board of Trade to attend a banquet in my honour in order that I might speak of my experiences in the North. The majority of those present were Protestants; nevertheless I was received with songs and music and tendered many compliments, which will show you how far civilization has progressed in these regions.

TO BE CONTINUED

Donations may be addressed to: REV. T. O'DONNELL, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont. Previously acknowledged \$6,650 48

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CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON EDUCATION

Those dear, good people who insist on comparing the Public school method of education with the education of the Catholic Church, always to the disadvantage of the latter, might be interested in reading the opinion of Cardinal O'Connell, the great educator among the Puritans. He doesn't believe that there should be set up an arbitrary rule by which certain youths are debarred from the blessings of education; he points out that the Catholic Church has always had another remedy. Read his opinion of the "aristocracy of brains" whereby the heads of colleges seek to condone their attempted curtailing of that which is looked upon as the cornerstone of a Republic:

"It certainly is a very singular phrase that some of the educators of the country have proposed to answer the great demand for learning by a sort of negation or suppression. They point out that the college is an aristocratic affair and that the fields of learning are not for the common man, but for the aristocracy of brains. Just what that means is a mystery. On the other hand, educators of many years experience propose to limit it by social or radical standards, by elimination, and by exclusion. Certainly this is a very singular answer to the problem of our democracy. Even old Europe with all her traditions never gave such an answer to the eagerness of her youth, and it is a strange phenomenon in this land of democracy that it should be the answer to the demand for a larger and wider education.

"Of course, neither of these answers to the problem is right. Live! And participate with us in one like this: Policy No. 9249. 20-PAY LIFE. Issued 1902. Amount, \$1,000. Age at issue, 29. Premium, \$32.50. Original Estimate. Profits Paid. Premiums less profits for 5-year period. Cash Value. 1902-06..... \$162.50 1907-11..... \$18.35 1912-16..... 29.10 1917-21..... 42.50 1922..... 54.70 \$144.65 \$192.92 \$540.28 Cash Surrender Value, 1922..... \$552.00 1922 Profit..... 83.20 Total Surrender Value..... \$635.20 Total Payments..... 540.28 Balance to Insured..... \$ 94.92 If the policy is continued in force no further premiums are required and profits will be paid every five years during the Insured's lifetime.

One of the most interesting phases of our very modern life of today is the wonderful eagerness with which the youth of the land seems suddenly to reach out for all the advantages of knowledge, of training, of learning, and of education in the world. It is a singularly hopeful sign for this nation and for this age. "Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that today there is a clamor all over the world for more learning. Schools, academies, colleges, universities all are crowded to the doors. The problem facing the educators is what to do to answer this demand which cannot be stilled and which ought not to be stilled.

"Holy Mother the Church, so wise with the human wisdom gained by experience in all these problems through the ages, bars the doors to none. She leaves it for the individual effort to prove by facts and by demonstration that there are certain grades of knowledge as there are certain grades of everything in human life.

"It is not by elimination but by expansion that this question must be answered. If you have not room enough in colleges, build more, build and build, not necessarily monuments of marble and precious stone. Simplify these halls of learning and spiritualize them with the atmosphere of true education. The beauty of the university is in its spiritual atmosphere."—Catholic Columbian.

TIME-SAVING

This is an age famous for time-saving machinery. Surely, then, we ought to have plenty of time. In reality we have less than before the advent of speed. It may be a pose; but we insist on rushing madly about. It may be doubted if this adds a moment to our time. We carry our rush tactics into our church. We rush in at the last moment—at least, it is hoped that we come no later. But this much is certain; we do rush out of church. Even before the priest has finished the last Gospel, we spring to our feet ready to bear down those that might oppose our onslaught. If we are more contained we keep our patience until the prayers are said at the foot of the altar. But only great composure restrains us until the Celebrant has left the sanctuary. The Latins had the word "extemplo" (from temple) to mean hurriedly. Let us leave that distinction to heathenism. At the rear of every church a large glittering sign might be put up: "What's your hurry?"

One of the best proofs that we advance in virtue is to be a peace amid the attacks and contradictions of creatures.

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These burses will be complete at \$3,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

Rev. J. M. FRASER, M. A., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

DEPENDENCE ON GOD

"Brethren, be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of His power." (Eph. vi. 10.)

We came into this world helpless. We were made by God, but we had no knowledge of the work He was performing. Hence, it follows that we are dependent creatures. Ever after we have seen the light of day, for many years we are still helpless to a great extent. We act, but our acts are not those of a fully developed rational being. Perhaps when we did the things that a child is wont to do, we thought we were acting wisely. Afterward, however, in more mature years, we realize what the doings of childhood really were. We then know, were it not that we had a wiser mind and a stronger hand directing us, we probably would have ended, or at least, ruined the life God has given us. It was the vigilant care of the parents that saved us from destruction. In early babyhood we were less liable to place ourselves in the dangers that often bring about the ruin and death of a child of more mature years.

But even in the fulness of our rational and physical powers, we realize that we yet need help. What would we be without aid from our fellow-beings? How helpless we are in many respects? We may be skilled in some arts and sciences, but in others we are lost. We may be able, by our own power, to obtain some of the helps that we need; while for others we must look to our neighbors. How helpless we are, for instance, when sickness has overtaken us. Aid is given us. A remedy is applied to us, but often we are totally ignorant of the elements constituting it, and never could have provided ourselves with it. Could we, for instance, prepare or manufacture the different kinds of food that we use? We purchase it in most cases. Or suppose we prepared it, there would be thousands of other things that we need, in order to live comfortably, that we would be forced to obtain through the toil of others. To live upon the earth is to live dependently. We must have aid in many respects from our neighbors. Without it we would either succumb to want or else be forced to roam the wilds like a savage.

But, as we realize, beside the life of the body we have another life to live—namely, the life of the soul. Now, in the same way that we require help in order to live upon the life of the spirit which God commands us to live. This assistance is to come from God. Without Him we can do nothing directly in this spiritual life, as He Himself says. St. Paul tells us that what he was, the grace of God had made him. The Scriptures add that we are not sufficient unto ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God. If this be true of our temporal actions, how much more certain must it be of the works of the spirit! When you consider this fact, you will readily see the appropriateness of the text. We require strength and help, which we can get only from God. We need His power to bring this spiritual life of ours to a happy consummation. Now, do we really and truly realize this need we have for help from God? If so, we will do all in our power to obtain it. When you require anything for your temporal livelihood, you will obtain it at all cost. You know it to be necessary for your existence, in which you are greatly interested; and you will discover the means of securing it, even if it costs you the mortification of begging for it. If you are equally interested in the life of your soul, as you should be, since it is all, whereas the life of the body is but passing, you will seek the help you need from God in order to preserve it.

While you strive, therefore, for the life of your body, neglect not your soul. Use all the means at your disposal for acquiring the help and strength you need from God, in order to have the fulness of spiritual life in your soul. God's Church with its sacraments offers all the help that you need. He too, tells you to ask, observing His law at the same time, and you will obtain what you seek. If you fully comprehend the seriousness attached to this life, because of the results that can follow, and know God's goodness to you and the claim He has upon you, you will spare no effort in securing the help and strength necessary to make you a child of God on earth, and, as a consequence, one of His blessed in heaven hereafter.

DAY AND NIGHT

In honor of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist, a lamp burns day and night before the tabernacle when the Blessed Sacrament is present. In this little light St. Augustine shows us an image of the three Christian virtues. Its clearness is faith, which enlightens our minds; its warmth is love, which cheers our hearts; its flame, which, trembling and agitated, mounts upward till it finds rest in its center, is hope. If Catholics were more faithful to the pious practice of making a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, it would not be merely a

faint and solitary lamp which would illumine the holy place, but the love of thousands of hearts would give joy to the Sacred Heart, and shed light around His dwelling place—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE CHURCH MUST PROTECT LIBERTY

REVEALED RELIGION ONLY SOLUTION OF WORLD WOES

(N. C. W. C. News Service)

Washington, Sept. 29.—The mission of the Catholic Church to protect the inalienable rights of the individual together with the necessity for organized effort in support of that mission, were the subjects of addresses delivered by members of the hierarchy and distinguished Catholic laymen at the mass meeting held in connection with the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men here last night. Particular emphasis was placed upon the need for protection of the rights of parents to direct and supervise the education of their children in religious schools of their choice. The speakers were the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland; the Right Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit; Judge Wendell P. Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and Rear Admiral William S. Benson, President of the National Council of Catholic Men.

Bishop Schrembs, who as chairman of the Department of Lay Organizations of the National Catholic Welfare Council, presided at the meeting, outlined the fundamental considerations which must govern attempts at the solution of present day problems. On this subject the Bishop declared:

"In the first place, while the theory which would make Christianity a mere program of social reform is untenable and absurd. I make bold to maintain that any attempt at social reform must prove vain and abortive unless it be rooted and founded on the teachings of Jesus Christ. Revealed religion and revealed religion alone therefore, contains all the principles which, if acted out, deliver man from every evil, be it moral or economic. 'The Truth shall make you free.'"

Praising the efficacy of the application of the teachings of religion to the solution of everyday problems, the Bishop cited the example offered by the Middle Ages "when men were happier, when contentment was more universal, when human life was more worth living. The ages, in fine, which have handed down to us the most glorious monuments of human genius whether in the world of letters or in the world of art."

The Bishop's second proposition as he outlined it was: "that it is Christianity that has failed but the world which has rejected Christianity. A false philosophy which arose some four hundred years ago and which defied human reason at the expense of divine revelation and refused submission to any save the authority of man's own individual judgment; a philosophy which started with liberalism in religion, has come to a disastrous end at last in the universal shipwreck of nations, as this same liberalism has applied to matters moral, social, economic, and political."

ORGANIZATION NECESSARY "My third and last proposition," Bishop Schrembs continued, "is that only a return of Christian principles can redeem the world and bring back to it that peace which it lost when it rejected Christianity." "Pointing out that wherever the life of the Church was manifest in a vigorous and healthy Catholic life, it would be found that the Church was thoroughly organized, the Bishop summarized his conclusion by saying: 'I am merely stating what must be evident to every man of sense, that Catholic interest demands the formation of a great organization which will embrace and gather together all the forces for the promotion and defense of those sacred interests wherever and whenever they are unjustly attacked by anti-Catholic or non-Catholic forces; an organization which will unite individuals and parishes without destroying the individuality of either; an organization which will feed and nourish all associations within and in turn be fed by them; an organization which will demand no more nor be satisfied with no less than what is implied by the word 'Catholic.' An organization such as he had described, the Bishop emphatically declared, is the National Council of Catholic Men.

ATTACK ON CATHOLIC SCHOOLS The existence of a nation-wide organized attempt to wipe out the parochial school, which, he prophesied, would be only the forerunner to the abolition of other fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, was charged by Bishop Gallagher, of Detroit. Discussing the strenuous campaign carried on recently in Michigan by those who wish to abolish the parochial schools in that State the Bishop, through whose efforts the anti-parochial school legislation has been three times defeated, uttered a solemn warning that this attempt to make the children the property of the State rather than of the parents was nothing short of

"absolute tyranny." Those who would make the State absolute and leave the will of the majority absolutely unchecked forget Bishop Gallagher said, that "the Declaration of Independence put a limit upon the authority of the majority."

He pointed out that in the Declaration of Independence there are some rights that are defined as "inalienable," and declared that the most important of all rights of the individual are those of parents with respect to their children. "It seems that the American people do not realize the life-and-death importance of these fundamental rights," he said. "Possibly it is because they have never as a people felt the oppression which results from the operation of principles opposed to these rights."

"We need a national organization to fight attempts to set aside these rights," Bishop Gallagher declared, "because the movement against us is national. Possibly it is because they have never as a people felt the oppression which results from the operation of principles opposed to these rights."

"We need a national organization to fight attempts to set aside these rights," Bishop Gallagher declared, "because the movement against us is national. Possibly it is because they have never as a people felt the oppression which results from the operation of principles opposed to these rights."

Justice Stafford, who became a convert to the Catholic faith at the age of fifty-nine, talked of the influence which led to his decision to enter the Church. Chief among them he placed the feeling inspired by the Real Presence which, he said, manifested itself long before he realized what it was, or had any notion of becoming a Catholic.

Rear Admiral Benson, president of the National Council of Catholic Men, in a brief address, directed, as he said, to the members of the hierarchy and the clergy, expressed the desire of the laity represented by his organization to advance the interests of the Church and to work in close co-operation with the ecclesiastical authorities. Declaration that the laymen's organization desires and needs the support and co-operation of the hierarchy and of the parish priests in all parts of the country, he urged that any dissatisfaction with the work of the laymen be promptly brought to the attention of the Council's officials.

Many of the Archbishops and Bishops of the nation who were in Washington to attend the meeting of the hierarchy at the Catholic University attended the mass meeting.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

The Church has fittingly dedicated the most beautiful months of the year to the Blessed Virgin, May the month of gorgeous springtime, and October the month of flaming foliage. Many prefer autumn to springtime, because in the fall the rich fulfillment of the year comes of age. This season is the harvest time of the year, when crops are garnered, and the husbandman rests after his year's toil. As if to compensate him for his long hours of ceaseless toil in her behalf nature dresses herself in her richest garments, and parades herself before him in all the splendor of her beauty.

October is the favorite month for lovers of nature. Now the woods take on a riot of color. The red maple, the scarlet oak, the golden birch, the yellow willow, and the purple beech don their flaming mantles and lure awed and silent spectators by the thousands into the woodland places to view their gorgeous splendor. The autumn foliage is nature worshipping God according to her powers. And who dare deny that she does not give to her Creator lavishly of her best.

In harmony with the beauty of nature at this season should be the beauty of our hearts. We may not be able to produce the radiant splendor of the burning woods in autumn but we can all bring forth flowers that are more pleasing to God than nature's most beautiful effects. Garlands woven from spiritual blossoms are at our disposal ever and always if we would but take the trouble to weave them and offer them to God at our Blessed Mother's feet. Appropriately during this month of October are we encouraged by the Church to recite the Rosary daily. We are reminded again as we were reminded every day of our lives, of the debt we owe to Mary, and of the favors we can obtain through her fruitful intercession.

October like May is a month to intensify our devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, through her favorite prayer, the Rosary. All Christendom during this month will be a vast Cathedral filled with devout worshippers, rosary in hand beseeching God through Mary for the help without which all human efforts are in vain. The world today needs the touch of a mother's hand, to soften it, to chasten it, to thrill it with new spiritual life. And what mother's hand more potent to effect this miracle working change than the hand of her whom we rightly call our Blessed Mother?

The non-Catholic historian Lecky, who wrote a history of European morals, and who hence must be acknowledged to have had some idea of the world's morality and its help and drawbacks, declares in his History of Rationalism that seldom has there been an ideal which has exercised a more profound or salutary influence on the world than the Catholic conception of the Blessed Virgin. "All that was best in Europe," he adds, "clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

Father Lockington in his precious little volume on The Soul of Ireland, gives a graphic picture of how this ideal lauded by Lecky was fostered and has borne fruit in one corner of Europe by the devotion to the Rosary. "The Rosary," he writes, "has always been the anchor of the Irish. Clinging to this girde of Mary, calling to her as Gabriel called, by its beads they read the book of the life of her Son. As a musician takes a simple air and enriches it with embellishments, clothing it with chords upon chords, evoking magnificent harmonies, now swelling with thunderous volume, now dying to the softest whisper seemingly ever changing, yet ever keeping the simple air running like a golden thread through all, so Mary's suppliant clings to her girde, and using the simple theme of the Hail Mary, looks back with her upon the past. Guided by Mary she sees before her the face of One whom she loves dearer than life—the Face of Mary's Son. At the touch of the beads, she sees that face smiling in childhood, and its eyes look lovingly into her own; now it is the mystic face of the Teacher, again the agonized face of the Crucified, and one last glimpse—the glorified face of her God. In a childlike faith she kneels and watches, held fast by Mary's maternal hand. Can earth show a more beautiful picture or an ideal so high?"

Out of the fog and gloom of false philosophy, out of the red flame of war, out of the blackness of economic discontent, out of the chill desolation of irreligion, Mary stands Rosary girde above the world, beckoning her children during this month to her. Millions of hands clasping their well worn beads will eagerly stretch upward to her. Young hands and old hands, hands worn by sickness and roughened with toil, rich hands and poor hands, hands smooth as velvet and hands twisted with pain, hands of saints and hands of sinners,—but all hands of beauty, will reverently tell their beads in Mary's honor during October. The world will be the better for this month of the Rosary. And the Help of Christians and Queen of the Most Holy Rosary will never desert her faithful clients who appeal to her beads in hand during brown October's golden days.—The Pilot.

same recommendation. Describing the economic system of the Middle Ages as one in which "the workers were gradually obtaining a larger share in the ownership of the lands upon which, and the tools with which, they labored," the Pastoral Letter declares that "the underlying principle of the economic arrangements of that time is the only one that will give stability to industrial society." The Pastoral Letter adds that "it should be applied to our present system as rapidly as conditions will permit."

The renewed interest in the Bishops' Program, as evidenced by Senator Townsend's use of it as the test of an appeal for co-partnership in industry, by the backing given it by the Farmer-Labor Party and by a large variety of non-Catholics is an indication of the need there is for Catholics themselves should take up and develop the general statements of the Bishops' Program and the Pastoral Letter, and study what the revival of the guild system calls for in present day industry. The identical principle has been developed with much definiteness by Catholic organizations in various European countries and by international bodies to apply to European conditions.—The Monitor.

THE BISHOPS' PROGRAM

Co-partnership in industry as outlined in The Bishops' Plan for Reconstruction is gradually winning favor with individuals and agencies interested in finding the most practical and wisest course for the healing of the economic problems of the nation. Lately in Michigan Senator Townsend took as the text of a campaign address the following passage from The Bishops' Program:

"Nevertheless, the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through co-operative production societies and co-partnership arrangements. In the former, the workers own and manage the industries themselves; in the latter they own a substantial part of the corporate stock and exercise a reasonable share in the management. However slow the attainments of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production, or an industrial and social order that will be secure from the danger of revolution. It is to be noted that this particular modification of the existing order, though far-reaching and involving to a great extent the abolition of the wage system, would not mean the abolition of private ownership. The instruments of production would still be owned by individuals, not by the State."

This same passage, strangely, was quoted by the Lusk committee of New York in an attack on the Bishops' Program as an example of "where the socialistic tendency of the committee (the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council) shows itself most clearly." The Lusk Committee quoted as socialistic what Senator Townsend declared is the antidote for Socialism.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

JUST THIS MINUTE

If we're thoughtful, just this minute, in whatever we say and do, if we put a purpose in it, that is honest through and through. We shall gladden life and give it Grace to make it all sublime; For though life is long, we live it just a minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going toward the right or toward the wrong; Just this minute we are sowing; Seeds of sorrow or of song; Just this minute we are thinking On the ways that lead to God, Or in the idle dreams are sinking To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone, tomorrow Never comes within our grasp; Just this minute's joys or sorrows, That is all our hands may clasp. Just this minute! let us take it As a pearl of precious price, And with high endeavor make it Fit to shine in paradise.

—Church Progress

FALSE NOTIONS ABOUT LUCK

There are those who are always bewailing their ill-luck. To them it seems that everyone has "good luck" but themselves. But we must stop to consider if it is true that they are so ill-fated and that they themselves are the only ones who have so-called ill-luck. First of all let us put ourselves clear as to luck. For the Christian there is no such thing as luck. Luck is defined as chance, fortune, lot. Now we as Christians, know that nothing happens by chance. All that happens in this universe is regulated by the divine providence of God. Fortune is a pagan term and means the course of events of our lives being ruled over by the goddess Fortuna. This idea again, has no place in the mind of a Christian. Lot is a word used in connection with a throw of the dice and meaning the winning or losing throw. This frivolous practice is in an applied sense used to represent the success or failure of the tasks of our life. All these terms are meaningless if the idea of the providence of God is kept in mind.

The truth is we get pretty much out of life what we put into it. If we have had luck, so-called, we are usually to blame for it. This may seem a broad statement, but a little investigation will bear out the fact. Why do we not succeed? Either for one or two reasons, because we do not wish to succeed or because God does not want us to succeed. Who does not want to succeed? Every man says that he wishes to succeed, but does his action and conduct of life accord with this statement. The one may be positively lazy and still expect success. Another is only half-hearted in his efforts in life and expects success. Still others have some lurking fault of character which is not seriously combated and they mean to succeed, or as the popular phrase has it, expects to have good luck. Is anyone to blame but themselves if they do not have the course of life which they wish for, since there are the above impediments against it.

The sluggish motion of heavy oil in a creek-bed would not turn a mill-wheel to set the machinery in motion for grinding wheat. The fitful little zephyrs of summer will bring the sailor nowhere. The broken cog in a wheel will interfere with the working of the whole machine. If in the natural order effects are not greater than their causes why expect that they will be otherwise when considered in connection with what is called luck. To continue using this word luck, in the sense, however, meaning effect from a cause, how can good luck be expected if the individual does not make it good. The following quotation from Cobden will illustrate: "Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and the person near to him will see something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines while labor whistles. Luck relies on chance while labor relies on character."

After all this has been said there are still some cases which cannot be explained by placing the blame upon the individual whose life is seemingly not a success. This class has been placed under the heading of those whom God does not wish to be a success. Here again two reasons may be adduced for the seeming paradox that God wishes anyone unsuccessful. This first is to draw the person nearer to Himself, and in the event of this succeeding the seeming lack of success of such a life is in reality a very great success. Again it may be that Almighty God wishes to punish for some past imperfections. When such is the case the life of one thus afflicted is really a genuine success for this mode of procedure is a refining and beautifying of character which exalts the individual and fashions him for a glorious life to come. The second reason may be that God keeps a person down, if this drab term may be used in connection with God, for He knows that success would be the downfall in this particular case of the person involved, at least for his soul. Hence the seeming ill-luck is truly

a blessing in disguise. So consider it as you will nothing happens to us except it be by a decree of the Almighty. This decree is always just and merciful. Either it is the result of our own conduct or when we have no fault to be blamed for, it may be ascribed to God's will, which ever has our good, physical and spiritual, in consideration.

By no means should anything be ascribed to blind luck. And only when we can sincerely find no reason for a lack of success in ourselves may we impute it to the direct will of God. In most cases we shall have, if we are honest with ourselves, to lay the blame to ourselves. As one writer says, "luck" is a very good word if you put a "P" before it.—A. R. in The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A PRAYER

Let me be a little kinder, Let me be a little blinder, To the faults to those about me; Let me praise a little more; Let me be when I am weary, Just a little bit more cheery; Let me serve a little better Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver, When temptations bids me waver, Let me strive a little harder, To be all that I should be. Let me be a little meeker With the brother who is weaker; Let me think more of my neighbor And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter, Make my life a bit completer By doing what I should do Every minute of the day; Let me toil without complaining, Not a humble task disdain, Let me face the summons calmly When death beckons me away.

GRANNY'S WOODPILE

(Written for The Intermountain Catholic)

Granny lived in a cottage by the river bank. She had lived there immemorial—so long, indeed, that she had become Granny to everybody in the village, although in fact she was really grandmother to nobody. Away back in the dim and distant past Granny was the young wife of a young and handsome man, but he went off to the war and never came back. The cottage then was new, but with the passing years it had grown old with her, and now she seemed to belong to the cottage as much as the cottage belonged to her. All during the summer the little stoop at the front door was overrun with morning glories and big red roses, and in the yard were little beds of sweet-william, violets and lilies of the valley. In the garden Granny raised onions and potatoes and radishes, and over near the back fence horseradish plants grew rank from which she dug the roots for sale among her neighbors and friends.

In the spring, when the returning warmth of the sun melted the accumulated snows of winter and rains set in, the river always rose to flood height, but Granny's house was above the highest point, the water had ever attained, so that she was not troubled from flood waters. Indeed, the annual floods were a source of profit to her, for it was the custom of the men in the neighborhood to gather the wood supply for Granny's cottage from the flood waters as it floated down the stream. For this purpose an old clock weight tied to the end of a rope was used, the weight being thrown over a log or board and then drawn in. Thus the fuel supply was kept up for the wood woman; thus it was that there was a pile of logs, boards and timbers stacked up in Granny's back yard when the frosts announced the coming of fall.

The years perhaps had passed lightly over Granny's head, but there were very many of them, and each one added its burden until the accumulated weight had bowed her head. She was never entirely out of firewood, but now that her physical strength was on the wane she felt some anxiety for the present winter's supply, and she spoke of it to some of the good women who each day paid a little visit to her, taking with them some dainty morsel from their own tables. During the long years of her widowhood she had lived almost alone, but on special occasions she was persuaded to pay a visit to her neighbors, at first only upon earnest solicitation, but latterly in recognition of the custom long established. On Thanksgiving day after feeding the chickens and attending to all the other details of work required about her little home, she rigged herself up in her best and hied off on her annual Thanksgiving pilgrimage, which included an all day's visit. As she departed she looked at the lowering sky and remarked to herself that it perhaps would snow before she had returned. As she trudged away she failed to notice a crowd of boys hidden behind her chicken coop and just over the brink of the river bank. Had she seen them it is probable that she would have returned to her home again and failed to keep her appointment for a Thanksgiving dinner, for she had not been altogether left alone by the boys of the village. Indeed, some little tricks had been played on her that made her somewhat suspicious of boys, although it must be said to their credit that the boys never did any real damage except to cause her some annoyance.

This day when Granny disappeared around the corner of the street,

some fifteen or twenty boys emerged from their hiding places and scrambled over the back fence into Granny's garden lot, scaring the chickens and causing a commotion which altogether would indicate some mischief was up. However, the boys dragged with them saws of every description for hand sawing. A few sawbucks were in the paraphernalia, too. Arranging themselves in convenient places and dividing up the work so that each could keep working at his topmost speed that mass of miscellaneous lumber was soon on its way to the back porch, where it was piled in straight piles over the entire width of the porch and extending out into the yard. The boys worked until noon, despite the few flakes of snow that began to fall. Then they went to dinner, but within an hour were again back on the job. The way that pile of wood decreased in size was comparable only by the startling proportions which the sawed wood assumed at the back door. The boys worked with spirit, each seemingly trying to outdo the other.

In the meantime Granny had enjoyed her Thanksgiving dinner, and on account of the increasing snow, she decided to return home. As she was nearing the little cottage on the river bank she saw a troop of boys emerging from her back yard and was certain in her mind that they had been into some mischief, for they scattered and ran upon her approach. She was deeply agitated, as may well be imagined, and visions of deprivations practiced upon her home while she was away flashed before her mental vision.

"What could those young rascals be up to now?" she asked herself. She looked at the house and was satisfied that they had not run off with that, at least. Indeed, in the gathering gloom she could see that the fence and chicken coop were still intact, but she was sure those boys carried off something, for she could see that nearly every one of them had something in his hands. She was agitated beyond measure, fearful that the boys had taken advantage of her absence to perform some mischievous thing to annoy her, so she was wholly unprepared for the sight that greeted her when she finally got around to the back door to see the result of the boy's day's work. "Well, I'll declare!" was all she was able to say.

STRONGHOLDS OF THE OLD RELIGION

Long after Henry VIII's Reformation had spread over the greater part of England the men of the West Country, of Devon and Cornwall, refused to accept the new doctrines and clung to the Old Religion. As late as 1549, when Henry VIII was in his unhalloved grave and his son Edward VI. was reigning, the men of the West Country rose in rebellion to have the new doctrines put away and the Ancient Faith restored to England. That rising was put down with great brutality, but in spite of that the Old Religion is said to have survived through the centuries in certain favored spots of Cornwall.

One of these is the Lanherne Convent, now the home of the Carmelites, but for many centuries the manor house of the old Catholic family of the Arundells, who preserved the Faith even during the centuries of persecution.

Lanherne has a noble tradition, which none has been found to dispute, that since Henry VIII. tried his best to destroy the Church there has never been lacking a priest, sometimes several, nor that the red light has ever ceased to burn before the Blessed Sacrament. The Arundells, from whom the house passed to the Carmelites, did not escape lightly for their loyalty to the Faith. Under Edward VI. Humphrey Arundell suffered for the Faith. His son refused to accept the Reformed Religion, and Elizabeth promptly clapped him into prison. And his son, too, suffered the loss of two thirds of his estates for his refusal to attend the worship of the State Church, and only escaped the entire forfeiture of his property by paying a sum of £4,000 and an annual fine of £240, as the price of his abstention from the ministrations of the Anglican vicar.

So the Old Religion was preserved at wonderful Lanherne down to the year 1794, when the Carmelite nuns who fled from Flanders to escape the horrors of the French Revolution found a home in this ancient Catholic stronghold of the Arundells.

There is a like glorious tradition attached to Talacre Hall in North Wales, now Saint Bride's Abbey of the Benedictine nuns. This is the ancestral home of the Mostyns, a distinguished family that has given Wales its present Catholic Metropolitan and Archbishop of Cardiff.

The Mostyns have remained Catholic throughout the centuries and Mass has been celebrated and the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the chapel of the ancestral hall ever since the family was founded in the early Middle Ages, though its pedigree goes back to the ancient Welsh Princes. Like the Arundells, the Mostyns have given their Martyrs to the Catholic cause; three of whom, among them the Blessed Margaret Pole, were raised to the altar as Martyrs by the late Pope Leo XIII. There is a further coincidence in the fact that the

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family seats of both these ancient Catholic families have become ultimately convents of contemplative nuns.—The Antidote.

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For white curtains—not silk—soak for an hour in cold water. Then wash in the same way, using hot suds. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in the sun.

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THE BIBLE

WHERE DID PROTESTANTS GET IT?

A prominent Baptist preacher the other Sunday delivered a long sermon on "How We Got the Bible" without even intimating that Protestantism owes the Bible to the Catholic Church.

What would the Revisers have been able to do with all their ability, scholarship, and patience if the Catholic Church had not preserved the Sacred Scriptures and disseminated them among the nations?

It is strange that Protestant preachers choose to ignore the question where they got the Bible; or, rather, it is not at all strange, for if they inquired into this problem without preconceived bias, they would arrive at the conclusion that led Dr. Graham, once a Calvinist minister, into the Catholic Church.

THE THOUGHTFUL READER

Old-fashioned editors and publicists have long been bewailing the gradual disappearance, in this country, of men who take the time or have the inclination to think. "The thoughtful reader" of the last generation, they maintain, is slowly becoming an extinct species.

But what can be done, it will be asked, to remedy this menacing malady of our day, the widespread aversion to leisurely thinking? The corrective is a very simple one but the difficulty of its application lies in inducing the rushed and overwrought citizen of our swift-moving twentieth century to force himself to find the leisure he requires for maintaining his peace of soul and health of mind.

study of literary masterpieces, or two, a book that will really promote and stimulate thought and reflection in its reader. Then it can safely be predicted that the man who steadfastly observes every day his "golden hour" or more going back to a great author's book again and again till all its hidden ore has been detected and extracted, will eventually find himself, without question, in the kingly company of "thoughtful readers."

OBITUARY

The Month's Mind of the late Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart will be observed on Thursday, Oct. 19th, and prayers are requested for the repose of her soul.

On March 19, 1876, Miss Catharine Mayes entered the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, and after receiving the Habit was known as Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. During her religious life she proved her zeal for the honor of the Divine Heart of Our Blessed Lord by the ardent desire ever manifested to lead her pupils heavenward.

John Joseph Hickey, dearly beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Hickey, 635 Reid Street, Peterborough, passed away at his home early Wednesday morning. During the War he was attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps, and while in service contracted the illness which caused his untimely death.

Three times a day—morning, noon and evening—the ringing of the church bells announce to us the Incarnation, and yet how indifferently we hear the sweet, musical reminder!

THE ANGELUS BELL

To a true Catholic, the Angelus possesses a quiet consolation in the midst of the jangle and fret of the working day. It is a precious reminder that though we struggle for our daily sustenance, still, the promise of our Redeemer rings softly and encouragingly in our ears. Yet, notwithstanding the invitation of the Angelus remains unheeded by the multitude who regard it simply as marking certain periods of rest in the day's labor and occasions for the appeasing of our base animal appetites.

ROSES THAT WILL NEVER FADE ARE PRAYERS TO MARY

St. Louis, Oct. 9.—Roses that will never fade are the prayers that the devoted clients of Mary offer up to their Mother, declared the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis in preaching on this October devotion in St. Louis Cathedral.

"A week or so ago," said Archbishop Glennon, "I was out in the country, in Southern Missouri, giving confirmations and visiting the various churches. I noticed along the way, by the farmhouses that the roses were still blooming, and that almost every cottage home had its bower of roses. I come to the city and the roses are dead. Why? Perhaps because we have

no homes, no front porches, no place for the roses to grow; or perhaps the atmosphere is not suited to the growing of roses in the city. However it be, we are going to gather a few roses, and bring them up to offer to Mary, our Mother, our Queen—roses which shall never fade.

"The rosary rises from the heart. It is the prayer that comes from the child to his father, to his mother. It is the cry for help. It is the repetition of the prayer which the angels sang. Repetition does not mean poverty of thought. When our Lord went through into the Garden of Gethsemane, pressed down with the sins and mockery of the world, when afterwards He found His apostles asleep, in that agony of His—and they say agony produces thought—He prayed thrice the same prayer.

"Of all devotions that spring from the Catholic heart, none appeals to all of us more than does this simple, beautiful devotion. I do hope that all will carry the rosary with them, and will try to make their lives like the roses, link by link, day by day, until the rosary is lifted up to heaven."

NEW BOOKS

BOYS! HERE'S A MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

"Scouting for Secret Service." By Bernard F. J. Dooley. \$1.25 net. Postage 10c.

And plenty of adventure! Things begin to happen with the weird call of a loon—loo-oo-oo! at midnight over the Lake-of-the-Clustered-Stars. (We advise you to begin reading in broad daylight!) Frank had called it a "crazy scheme" when his uncle, whom he had never met, proposed that he and George Harvey, just out of the Hercules Academy, spend the summer alone on a wild island of the Adirondack Mountains.

However, the boys tried it. Evidently the uncle hadn't counted on Indian Pete's perfidy (he, too, had a grudge!) or Big Jim Morton's villainy, and the boys had to fight it through thickening mystery, spiced by the spooky cries of wild animals and the haunting of night-prowlers. Then they found themselves alone in an Indian tepee in the depths of uninhabited woods, with wild-cats looking for food! Oh, boy—

Enter Pete's son; the speed of adventure "shoots into high"—and bang! they dash straight into Bill O'Day of Secret Service. It's an exciting finish with a big hurrah!

"Beck of Beckford." By M. E. Francis. \$2.00 net. Postage 15c. One strong tale invites to the reading of another. Beck comes on the stage as a six year old heir; when the last scene fades out, we followed him through twenty years of the conflict which the old inheritance of high ideals, Beckford pride and obstinacy engendered in the face of poverty, unexpected romance and the call of modern life.

An old-fashioned father. In his booklet, "The Christian Father," Bishop Egger of St. Gall relates the following: "While I was a student, I once spent my vacation with a good Catholic family in the western part of Switzerland. We were just at dinner when the door opened and the eldest son entered. He had been at a college in southern Germany and joyfully returned home for his vacation. I noticed that the father's countenance suddenly wore a frown, and before his son had closed the door behind him, he called out, 'Where have you been to Mass to-day?' The young man stammered an excuse saying, 'The stagecoach (it was previous to the time of railroads) left B. this morning at 6 o'clock, and consequently I could not get a chance to go to Mass before.

"The father refused to shake hands, treated him as a stranger and had him waited on at table like a guest at a hotel. Next day it required the mother's mediation before the father would recognize the young man as his son, and before he would again speak to him and treat him as one belonging to his family. In all my experiences," remarks the Bishop, "I remember but few incidents that impressed me more forcibly than did this lesson given on the duty to assist at Mass on Sunday."—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

A wholesome and charming book—a tale which in some respects may be compared with the sweet story of "Dark Rosaleen"—The Pilot. The author deserves well of Catholic readers for whom she has written so much and so well.—The Sign.

We recommend the book to Catholic readers for its interesting plot and development of characters.—Messenger Sacred Heart.

A well-written, wholesome novel. It is thoroughly Catholic and will be of service to the true Faith.—Homiletic Monthly.

The plot is sufficiently unconventional to be of sustained interest; the dialogue is both sprightly and sane, and the whole atmosphere is permeated with Catholic thought and principles.—Ave Maria.

So quietly and easily does the tale run that one is apt to overlook the art with which it is told. But the art is there all the time.—Punch.

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Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament is the blessing of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. The Sacred Host is exposed for a short time on the altar, during which the faithful present engage in acts of adoration, praise and thanksgiving, and towards the end receive the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament.

As Jesus Christ is really present in the Sacred Host, it is He who blesses. Attend this devotion as often as possible. The spiritual benefits are very great, as may easily be understood from the fact that you are in the presence of the Eucharistic Christ. He there awaits the homage of His children, hears



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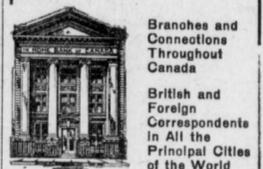
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their devout prayers and gives them His blessing. To the good, practical Catholic there is nothing so touching and consoling, so full of encouragement and strength as this rite. There is something in it which softens the hardest sinner, which warms the coldest heart, which makes the indifferent fervent and the weak strong; something so heavenly that we always come away from this beautiful service richer in love and mercy and goodness, richer in everything that makes for Heaven, than when we entered.

To be present at Benediction is like spending some time in the company of Jesus and conversing with Him. It is a moment of divine companionship, and it brings into our lives a spiritual wealth, which never could come by any other means.—The Missionary.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FATHER

In his booklet, "The Christian Father," Bishop Egger of St. Gall relates the following: "While I was a student, I once spent my vacation with a good Catholic family in the western part of Switzerland. We were just at dinner when the door opened and the eldest son entered. He had been at a college in southern Germany and joyfully returned home for his vacation. I noticed that the father's countenance suddenly wore a frown, and before his son had closed the door behind him, he called out, 'Where have you been to Mass to-day?' The young man stammered an excuse saying, 'The stagecoach (it was previous to the time of railroads) left B. this morning at 6 o'clock, and consequently I could not get a chance to go to Mass before.

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For several years the price of Xmas cards has been four for ten cents. We have determined to bring the price back to what it was before the war. Ten cents a pack, and six lovely cards in each package. Not only way we can afford to sell them at this price is to double our business. THAT IS WHY WE ARE OFFERING 1000 FREE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES TO all who help us to let people know our new price.

If you can make a list of at least twelve presents on and around this tree, and will introduce our Xmas cards to 20 of your friends and neighbors, who will want to buy them, we ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE that you will win one of the prizes. It may be the bicycle, or a wristlet watch, or a camera, or it may be a smaller prize. Whatever prize you win you will be well paid for the little bit of trouble you go to.

Send us your list to-day (if you can make a list of twelve or more of the presents) and we will send you complete list of prizes, together with 20 packages of Xmas cards and seals to show to your friends. We trust you with them and it will not even cost you the price of a postage stamp because we will put extra cards in your parcel to make up for your cost of postage. Write us to-day and win one of the lovely prizes.

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